THE TRA-
GICO MOEDI
of the vertuous
Octauia.

Done by SAMVEL BRANDON.
1598.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

LONDON
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To the right honorable, and truly vertuous Ladie, the Ladie LVCIA AVDELAY: health, honor, happineſſe and heauen.

RAre Phœnix, which your life do ſacrifice,
In Vertues flame, to finde a life diuine:
Rich treaſurer, of heauens beſt treaſuries,
In whom worth wiſdome honor Vertues ſhine.
Sdaine not, theſe artleſſe humble lines to view,
With honors eyes, let vertues plaints be ſcan'd,
That ſhe whoſe Vertues doubled are in you,
By you may ſcape from Lybitinas *hand.*
Hir dying fame, by you may be preſerued,
Whiles time, and men, and memory endure:
Your liuing name by hirs mought be reſerued,
Did not theſe lines, too much hir worth obſcure.
Theſe lines, wherein, if ought be free from blame,
Your noble Genius *taught my Pen the ſame.*

All'autore.

THe Thracian Poet, that reuiu'd his wife,
Breeding in furies, pitty, and delight;
Whose fame dooth yet suruiue his shortned life,
Must honor yeeld to what thou dooſt indite.
For he, who oftentimes by Muſickes force,
Did serpents charme, ſtreames ſtay, and trees remoue:
In womens mindes, could neuer mooue remorſe,
As his vnhappy end doth plainly prooue.
Wherefore moſt praiſd be thy praiſe worthy muſe,
Which farre ſurmounts the might of antique age:
Winning that ſexes grace, which did refuſe
By hearing Orpheus, to relent their rage.
Becauſe no muſick with their minde accordes:
But that which Vertues harmonie affordes.

MIA.

Prosopopeia al libro.

WHen barking enuie saw thy birth,
it straight contemnd the same:
And arm'd his tongue, to giue a charge,
thy weakenesse to diffame.
But seeing honors golden hooke,
so linckt to vertues lyne:
He fled away as halfe afraid,
yet ceast not to repine.
But feare not Momus, *make returne,*
and haply for thy paine
Thou maist Antonius *coullors beare*
when he reuiues againe.

S. B.

The Argument.

AFter the death of *Iulius Cæsar*, & the ouerthrow of *Brutus* and *Cassius* the chiefe conspirators: the gouernment of the Romain Empire, remained vnto *Octauius Cæsar*, *Marke Antony*, and (at that time) *Sextus Pompeius*. *Marke Antony*, to confirme an inuiolable league of amitie, betweene *Cæsar* and himselfe: tooke to wife *Octauia*, the sister of *Cæsar*. *Antony* and *Cæsar* falling at debate, met at *Tarentum* with their armies, and had bin the cause of much bloudshed: but that they were appeased, by the wisdome of *Octauia*. Not long after, *Antony* going to make warre with the *Parthians*, and comming into *Syria*: the place renewed the memory, and the memory reuiued the

the long intermitted loue, he once bare to *Cleopatra* the Queene of *Ægipt*: he therefore wholy subiecting himselfe to the desire of this *Cleopatra*: forsaketh his vertuous wife *Octauia*. Wherevpon, hir brother *Cæsar* disdaining that she should suffer so great an indignitie: maketh warre vpon *Antony*, and ouercometh him, first at *Actium*, and then at *Pelusium*, to the vtter ruine and destruction, both of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

Octa-

Octauiæ tragicomœdia.

The ſtage ſuppoſed Rome.

The Actors.

Octauius Cæſar who was afterwards called *Auguſtus.*

Octauia the ſiſter of *Cæſar* & wife of *Antony.*

Mæcenas. } Two of the nobles of *Octauius*
Agrippa } *Cæſar.*

Camilla. } Romaine Ladies.
Iulia. }

Antonies children.

Syluia, a licentious woman.

Titius. } Conſuls.
Plancus. }

Geminus a Captaine.

Byllius nuntius.

Chorus. Romano.

Actus primus.

Octauia. Camilla. Iulia.

Camilla, now me thinkes this golden time,
Inuites our mindes to bathe in ſtreames of ioy:
See how the earth doth flouriſh in his prime,
Whoſe liuery ſhewes the abſence of annoye.
Theſe woods, how they bedeckt with natures pride,
Shew inwarde touche of new conceiued myrthe.
The pretty byrdes, that in their couerts hide,
(Free Cittizens, euen happy from their birthe)
How they reioyce! and euery ſenceleſſe thing,
Euen ſmiles with ioy: the earth perfumes the ayre,
The ayre, ſweete Nectar to the earth doth bring,
And both with ioye, beget theſe children fayre.
How richly nature dooth her wealth enrobe:
Giuing each thing his beautie, forme and grace.
Eye-pleaſing greene, circle of this our globe,
Great myrrour of *Apollos* youthfull face,
Coulor of life, youthes liuerie, how delight
Dwels ſtill with thee, whiles we, whom reaſon named
(But falſly namde and if I iudge aright)
Princes of all the reſt that nature framed:
Still ſubiect are to ſorrowes tyranny;
Slaues to miſchance, vaſſals of fortunes power;

Bearing

Bearing the yoake of endleſſe miſerie:
Faire baites of time which dooth vs all deuoure.
Now raiſde aloft in honors higheſt ſeate,
Yet in that height farre ſhort of ſweete content,
Now, throwne downe headlong, be we nere ſo great,
In gulfe of greefe, which we may not preuent.
Our pleaſures, (poſting gueſts,) make but ſmall ſtay,
And neuer once looke backe when they are gone:
Where greefes bide long, and leaue ſuch ſcores to pay;
As make vs banckerout ere we thinke thereon.
Yet this ſame earth with new-borne beauties grac'd,
Doth ſay me thinkes in his dumbe eloquence:
Thus ſhall you ſpring, mongſt heauenly angels plac'd,
Whē deaths cold winter once hath ſnatcht you hence.
Theſe flowers, do bid vs in their language, read
In beauties bookes, how beautie is moſt fraile:
Whoſe youthfull pride, th'vntimely ſteps doth tread,
To deaths black kingdome, darke obliuions vaile.
Theſe natures quiriſters, do plainely ſay,
Waſte thus your time, in ſetting forth his praiſe:
Who feedes, who clothes, who fils our harts with ioye:
And from this dead earth, dooth our bodies raiſe.
Thus all their mirthe, are accents of our moane:
Their bliſſfull ſtate, of our vnhappineſſe,
A perfect map, where onely we alone,
May ſee our good, but neuer it poſſeſſe.

Cam. Madam, as nature more then perfect is,
And farre more faire, then that we faireſt call:
So you as heyre apparant to hir bliſſe,

Chiefe

Chiefe treaſurer of hir perfections all;
Will ſhew your ſelfe moſt wiſe, and moſt diuine,
In curious ſearch of her moſt hidden will;
And following but hir footeſteps, yet refine:
The vniuerſall ſecrets of hir skill.
Yet I admire, your Eagle-ſighted eye,
Which hath truthes ſun-bright cyrcle ſo well knowne:
In others worthe, diſcernes each Attomie,
Forgetfull moſt, of what is moſt your owne.
Theſe other creatures, haue their properties,
Which ſhew, their *Syre* no niggard of his ſtore,
But ſuch great guiftes our mindes immortalize,
As proude ambitious ſelfe, can wiſh no more.
And you, great Ladie, whoſe high honor flyes,
With vertues winges, in admirations ayre:
Towring, an Eagles pyche, aboue the ſkies,
Where vulgar thoughts, are ſetled in deſpaire;
You, whoſe deſignes, haue put out enuies eyes,
Whoſe lampe of vertue giues the pureſt light;
You, that enforce weake fame to royallize,
Such high reuolues, as farre ſurpaſſe her might,
You, whoſe large praiſe, makes naked vertue lowre,
And tyres report, in painting out your ſtorie;
You, in whoſe lappe doth ſtreame the golden ſhower,
Of all good fortune, gracing higheſt glorie.
O how can you, once entertaine a thought,
That theſe high ioyes ſhould ſtoupe to ſorrowes lure?
Or how can true felicitie be brought,
The ſmalleſt touche of paſſion to endure?

Let

Let those complaine, which suck misfortunes paps:
Who know nought els of vertue but the name,
Who seeming wise, are snar'd in follyes traps,
Whose rash attempts, breed swift ensuing shame.
But you heauens day-starre, piller of our blisse,
O want you euer, cloudes of discontent:
You are our ioy, we all ioyes, all should misse,
Did not your sunne-beames guild our firmament.

Oct. Did not thy true loue seale this president,
I should suspect a serpent mongst the flowers:
And hardly iudge faire wordes from false intent,
Pore niggard truth, rich flattry, powres down showrs.
But loyall Ladies, doo you thinke in faith,
That highest honor, ioyes most sweet content?

Cam. It doth no doubt, for high, and heauenly saith
The prouerbe olde, to which I giue consent.

Oct. Thē heare me speake, what I shal say by proose,
And what experience printed in my harte:
Perhaps a story for your owne behoose,
Where I my selfe, haue played an actors part.
In youthe, I thought (though falsly thought) that best
Which fairest seemde, and my aspyring minde
Disdaind (though not with pride) that there should rest
A mean-borne thought, within my thoughts confin'd.
Treading this path, I was at last desired,
By Lord *Marcellus*, for his spouse, and wife.
Marcellus, he whose worthie fame aspyred,
To th'highest toppe of honor, during life.
If wealth, (nurse of delight) mought breed content:

I had

I had no want of ſtore to make me glad:
My greatneſſe did ambitious thoughts preuent:
Such high ſucceſſe *Marcellus* honours had.
Proude *Carthage* knowes, his youthfull ſword did pay
Large tribute of their ſoules to ſtygian lake:
His middle age, the ſtouteſt *Gaules* did fraye,
Marcellus name made their huge armies quake.
His ancient yeares, made craftie *Hannibal*
Admire the prowes, and vallour of his foe:
Thrice bitter name, that curſed *Cannibal*,
By bloudie treaſon, made him life forgoe.
Fiue times this cittie grac'd my worthy Lord,
Or rather he them grac'd, with *Conſuls* name.
What they to others ſuites would ſcarce afforde,
They ioyde to ſee my Lord accept the ſame.
Now Ladies to forget my preſent ſtate,
Did ioy thinke you this while orecharge my minde?
I ioyde I muſt confeſſe, to ſee how fate
With boundes of honor, had my life confin'de.
But when I found, how monſter enuie, feedes
On higheſt honor, as his daintieſt pray:
How brighteſt fier, great ſtore of fuell needes,
To keepe his light, and beautie from decay.
When that I found the muſicke of my minde,
Tunde to the concorde, of *Marcellus* bliſſe:
And ſawe, true vallour had his life aſſignde,
To haughtie *Mars*, whoſe courſe moſt dangerous is.
I liu'd in him, he ſpent his royall dayes,
In bloudie boſome of life-ſcorning warres.

Safetie

Safetie may breede delight, not nouriſh praiſe;
Harde is the way, from th'earth vnto the ſtarres.
Whiles thus our ſtate, depended on his ſworde,
And thouſand thouſands ſought his finall end:
Could my true loue, in all this time, afforde
One quiet thought in perfect mirthe to ſpend?
So many perils as on earth are found,
So many dangers as on raging ſeas,
So many terrours all my ioyes confound,
For true loue paſſions are no weake diſeaſe.
But is this all? no, more if more may be,
Tis greater care, to keepe, then get, a crowne.
Vertue dooth raiſe by ſmall degrees we ſee:
Where in a moment Fortune caſts vs downe.
And ſurely thoſe that liue in greateſt place,
Muſt take great care, to be ſuch as they ſeeme:
They are not princes, whom ſole tytles grace,
Our princelie vertues, we ſhould moſt eſteeme.
The ſandes on *Neptunes* ſhores, and beamy ſtarres,
Do not exceede the number of thoſe cares
Which in our mindes, do ſtirre vp ciuill warres,
And croſſe delights accountes, at vnawares.
Let this ſuffice, the tempeſt ſooneſt teares
The higheſt towers, and who will mount aloſte,
The more he climes, the more his footing feares:
Often he ſlides, but ſildome falleth ſofte.
What words, can paint the infinite of woes?
What tongue, can halfe thoſe miſeries relate?
Which thundring fortune, threatned to impoſe

Vpon

Vpon my head, at *Tarent*, but of late.
When as mine eyes mought see (though loth to see)
The sunnes, with whose eclipse, my fortune changed:
Mine owne deare Lord, and brother, both to be
In mortall armes, against each other ranged.
Which tempest calm'd, the storme begins againe,
On mischiefes maine, full sayles mishap doth beare:
I know not now what doth my Lord detaine,
But for I know not, I know cause to feare.
To visit him, at last I was contented,
And in those forraine coastes to make appeale:
But my accesse, at *Athens* he preuented,
Which makes me thinke, more then I will reueale.
And can I then with sorrowes waight oppressed,
Thinke to enamell my conceit with ioy?
Can I, that am with fortunes wracke distressed,
Hope to escape the Ocean of annoy?
Why, this is ioye, to taste no scence of death,
Till dying hower, haue stopt our vitall breath.

Iulia. Tis true delight, to know no cause of greefe,
Although the outward signes of ioye be small:
Who most reioycing, feeles that inward theefe,
A stayned conscience findes no ioy at all.

Cam. Indeede I thinke, true ioy, a thing seuere,
Springing from fountaine of a vertuous minde:
From spotlesse faith, and conscience pure and cleare,
The chiefest good, the heauens haue vs assignde.
For as some weepe, that are not passing sad:
So many laugh that are not rightly glad.

Gemi-

Geminus. Titius.

Say worthie *Titius*, what rare accident,
In so short time, did bring to happie end,
The cruell warres; which *Cæsars* discontent,
Gainst Lord *Antonius*, lately did intend;
How could so many weapons thirsting bloud,
Be satisfied with vnexpected peace?
What powerfull starres importun'd vs such good?
And did their angers tyrranny suppresse?

Tit. That will I doo, my good friend *Geminus*.
And much the sooner, for that you may know,
No force, or weapons, hath procured vs,
The happy truce, wherein we glory now.
It was the time, when the declining sunne
Made greatest shew of least performed light:
And by his swift departure had begun,
To yeelde his interest, to th'encroching night.
When as the seas, euen burthened with our waight,
Deliuered vs vnto the perfect view
Of dreadfull *Tarent*: where for vs did waight,
Antonius fleete, with all their martiall crew.
There did our drowned anchors make vs stay,
Within the iawes of dangers tyrranny:
There, we discouered by the flying daye,
The agents of our threatned misery.
Who can expresse the horror of that night,
When darkenesse lent hir robes to monster feare?
And heauens black mantle banishing the light,

Made

Made euery thing in ougly forme appeare.
Vntill *Aurora*, with faire purple flowres,
Like louing ſpouſe, had ſtrawed *Tytans* waye:
Whoſe glorious beames, began to guilde the towres,
As ioyfull poſt, of pleaſure-bringing day.
Then did loude Martiall muſicke charme a ſleepe,
Each languiſhing conceipt, in doubtfull breſt:
And new borne comfort, now began to creepe,
In euery minde, with cauſeleſſe feare oppreſt.
Then, pride of honor, made vs ſcorne our foes:
And courage added winges to our deſire.
To preſent fight, we all our ſelues diſpoſe:
With bloudie ſhowers, to quenche incenſed ire.
But ere our armies, had their charge fulfild,
Ere weapons, had our inward rage expreſt:
Loe where *Octauia*, comes into the field,
Twixt both our armies, ſhe hir ſelfe addreſt.
Where with the Nectar of hir eloquence,
With words that mought relent indurate froſt:
With maieſtie, and beauties influence,
She ſtayes our Captaines, and affronts each hoaſt.
O how I ſee that wonder-breeding face!
O how I heare thoſe hart-enchaining wordes!
O face! o wordes! that merite higheſt grace!
Immortall ſure, baſe earth none ſuch affords,
No womans weapon blindes her princely eye;
No womans weakeneſſe, hir tongues paſſage ſtayes:
Like one, that did both death, and fate defie,
Minerua-like ſhe ſtands, and thus ſhe ſayes.

Heere will I bide, and this same breſt oppoſe
To all your weapons, and whoſe wicked hand,
Shall firſt beginne t'aſſaile or ſtrike his foes,
Shall ſtrike this hart, and breake this vitall band.
No bloudie deed, *Octauiaes* eyes ſhall gaine,
A witneſſe of your loathed crueltie:
But through this body ſhall the firſt be ſlaine,
That in this battle, is compell'd to dye.
If honor, vertue, worthe, or pietie,
Liue in your mindes, which beare ſuch loftie names:
Returne your weapons, and heere quietly,
With reaſon, quench the force, of angry flames.
Els, let ſome bloudie executioner,
Firſt robbe this iealious tombe, of loathed life:
And then, no longer neede you to deferre,
The iſſue, of your more then mortall ſtriſe.
Much more ſhe ſaid, which none but ſhe can ſay,
And with her ſugered ſpeech, ſo much preuaild,
That like *Meduſaes* marbled creatures, they
Amazed ſtood, ſo was their furie quaild.
Looke how that *trydent* ſcepter bearing king,
His ofte rebelling ſubiects, dooth ſuppreſſe,
And with a ſodaine becke in order bring,
Their diſproportion, with a quiet peace;
When that the pride, of ſome truce-wanting ſtorme,
Doth ſummon vp their treaſon-working power,
Now gracing terror, with huge mountaines forme,
Now with ſteepe whirlepoole, ſeeking to deuoure:
So ſtood the Emperors, with hir wordes amazed,

Hir words, which seemde the myrrour of hir deede:
As men inchanted so on hir they gazed,
And in hir face, new lectures ganne to reede.
But when she saw, hir words did take effect,
Then powrde she forth the quintessence of witte:
And neuer did hir enterprice neglect,
Till both the Emperours bewitcht with it;
Not onely, did forget all former hate,
But euen there, before *Octauines* face,
A league of friendship they did consumate,
And louingly each other did imbrace.
O what a ioyfull sight, 'twas to behoulde
A dangerous fight, turn'd to a daintie feast.
To see how friends salute each other could,
That but euen now, each other did deteste.
There did both armies sport in great delight,
And enterchangeably their loues expresse:
As captiues, fold without bloud, wound or fight,
They praise the conquest, and the victor blesse.
Then did *Antonius*, for *Octauines* sake,
Giue vnto *Cæsar* twentie Brygantines:
Which *Cæsar* did in courteous maner take,
And in requitall of his kinde designes,
Did twice fiue hundred armed soldiers, giue
To *Anthony*: and quickly one mought finde,
The sparkes of emulation made them striue,
Who mought doe most, to please *Octauines* minde.

Gem. O noble deed, deseruing highest praise,
Well worthye to out-liue all memorye:

Life-sauing Empresse, how thy wisdome staies,
Euen swarmes of soules, from *Plutoes* tyranny.
But why did not *Antonius*, in like sorte
Returne to *Roome*, to pay delight her due.
Tes, He presently to'ards *Parthia* did resort,
Against their King the warres for to renue.
And recommending all his owne affaires,
His wife, his children, and what els was deare,
To *Cæsars* best disposing: he repayres,
To *Syria*, and entends to winter there. (enclude.
Gem. *Roome* thou that keepst, the pearle that doth
Heauens dearest treasure, in earths finest frame:
Be neuer so vngratefull, to obtrude
Night-blacke obliuion, to her noble name.

Camilla. Geminus.

Come *Geminus*, and vnto me relate,
What made the Empresse, alter her entent:
What did your voyage thus abbreuiate,
And all your expectations preuent.
Fame (bad concealer of our close entents)
Said, that the Empresse would to *Syria* goe:
To see *Antonius*, who himselfe absentes,
But your returne, doth shew it was not so.
Gem. Madame, when *Æolus* had once contain'd
Our mouing houses, vnto that same place,
Where noble *Cecrops*, the foundations lay'd,
Which are the *Grecian* confines chiefest grace:
There, long before we could approach the gates

Of that faire Citty, we encounter'd were,
With people of all ages, and estates,
Who in their handes, did boughes of Lawrell beare.
Some on their knees, with ioy, and wonder fil'd,
Salute the Empresse: some rich giftes present.
Some straw'd the way with flowers, and some distil'd
Their sweet perfumes, along the fields we went.
Thus to the Citty were we guarded straight,
Where for our comming, all the states awaite.
There were our eyes, inuited to beholde
Most sumptuous shewes, with many pleasing sights:
There did we heare, their learned tongues vnfolde.
The muses skill, with rauishing delightes,
Their lowd applause, which peirc'd the very skies,
Extolde *Octauia* past the reach of fame:
And silent *Eccho*, wakened with their cries,
Taught all the neighbour hylles, to blesse her name.
Thus frankly did two daies themselues bestow,
To gratifie our entertainement there:
Whiles *Antonie*, who as it seem'd did know
Of our approach, and thereof stood in feare:
Sent *Niger*, vnto *Athens*, with all speed,
Who to *Octauia* letters did conuay:
Requiring her no further to proceede,
But for his comming in that place to stay.
For thither meant he shortly to repayre,
And therefore would not, she should vndertake
So long a iorney, which mought much impayre
Her health, and quiet, bootlesse for his sake.

She, halfe ſuſpecting (as there was good cauſe)
That this was but a practiſe of delay:
Although vnwilling, yet ſhe made a pauſe,
As one that knew not how to diſobay.
But finding all his words to want effect,
And ſeeing nothing mought his minde recall:
Such things, ſhe doth vnto him ſtraight direct,
As ſhe had brought, to pleaſure him withall.
Which was, two thouſand choſen men at armes:
Great ſtore of horſes, wonte to winne their price;
Much armour, to defend themſelues from harmes,
As richely wrought, as cunning could deuize;
Guiftes, to reward his beſt-deſeruing friends;
A ſumme of money for his ſouldiers paye;
And briefly all hir care, and ſtudie bends,
To ſaue his wayning honor, from decaye.
But whē ſhe ſaw, nought mought his thoughts recline
Vnkinde, ſaith ſhe, ſenceleſſe of thine owne ſhame:
Ile be my ſelfe, ſince thou wilt not be mine:
Thus ſhe concluded, and away we came.

Cam. O peereleſſe paragon! O natures pride!
Faire Cabinet, where wiſdomes treaſure lies,
Earths glory, and the heauens beloued bride,
Rich ſeate of honor, vertues paradize.
Moſt noble Empreſſe, praiſe of women kinde,
Whoſe faith endures the rage of fortunes flame:
Whoſe conſtant truthe, and truly vertuous minde,
Scornes ſmalleſt touche of iuſt-deſerued blame.
How naturall, and vndeuided, are

The ſparkes of honor, in a noble harte:
How induſtrie, and wit, may not compare,
With that true touche, our birthright doth imparte.
Liue vertuous Empreſſe, myrrour of our age,
Though chance diſcharge whole vollyes of reproach;
With fortitude withſtand proud fortunes rage,
Let not deſpaire, neare thy ſweete thoughts encroache.
Time muſt needs turne thy mourning vnto ioye,
For true delight from hence his ſpring doth take:
When we with patience ſuffer ſharpe annoye,
Not for our merits, but for vertues ſake.

Chorus.

HEauens, heare poore earth complaine,
How wee, your frownes doe beare:
When all things els reioyce,
Ioye ſcornes with vs to dwell.
And reaſons ſelfe can tell,
Each mirthe diſcouering voice,
Aſſures our iudging eare,
How all things els want paine:
Scence-following creatures knowe
No cauſe, why to lament,
In them, remorſe dooth ſowe,
No ſeedes of diſcontent.
We ſee, and know, but waine our bleſſe:
Vnperfect nature cauſeth this.

Yea nature most vnkinde,
Contriuer of our fall:
Begins our life with teares,
And ends the same with woe.
Greefe (pleasures mortall foe)
Confounds our hope with feares:
And sowers our sweete with gall.
This Tyrant of the minde:
By reason, wit, or skill,
Can neuer be withstood:
These aggrauate our ill,
By shewing what was good.
And wante of that torments vs most:
Whose worthe appeares in being lost.

Were nature falsely nam'd
A stepdame to mankinde,
That sexe, which we account
Vnperfect, weake, and fraile,
Could not in worthe preuaile:
And men so farre surmount.
We should Octauia finde,
In some sorte to be blam'd.
She winnes immortall fame,
Whiles he who should excell;
Dishonour'd hath his name,
And by his weaknesse fell.
For double shame he dooth deserue,
Who being guide dooth soonest swarue.

And Lorde Antonius, *thou*
Thrice woman conquered man:
Shall not thy hart repine,
Their triumphs to adorne?
Octauiaes *vertues scorne,*
That wanton life of thine:
And Cleopatra *can,*
Commaund thy ghost euen now.
And faine would I refraine,
From Fuluiaes *stately name:*
Which dooth thy manhood staine,
And makes thee blush for shame.
In this one thing, yet happie maist thou bee:
They Princesse are, that triumph ouer thee.

Dwell in fames liuing breath,
T'eternitie resigne,
Yee faire Mars-conquering wights:
And feare not Lethes *floud,*
Your vertues alwayes bud,
Your storie, honour wrights,
And Phœnix-like you finde,
A new life in your death.
Arme but your Angel-soules,
With perfect vertues shield,
That Thanatos *controules,*
And makes Erynnis *yeelde,*
Then shall the heauens your worthe descrye:
Earth, sing your praise, and so will I.

Actus

Actus secundus.

Octauia. Byllius.

O Thrice, and foure times, happie messenger,
Hast thou from *Parthia* made returne of late?
Canst thou declare the issue of the warre,
And make me knowe, *Antonius* happie state?
What causd my Lorde in *Syria* make such staye,
Since he gainst *Parthia* did his forces bende?
When doth he meane, to'ards *Rome* to take his way?
And to those warres, impose a finall end?
Vnkinde he is: not so, but distant farre,
And his great trouble, much my good impayres:
Els would he not mine eares so long time barre,
From much expected newes of his affayres.

Byl. Madame, these eyes haue seene what hath bin done
In *Syria*, *Parthia*, and each other place;
I present was, when Lord *Antonius*, wonne
Eighteene great battles, in a little space.
I often sawe, when mischiefe, in the fielde
Had all hir force against my Lorde brought forthe:
How he with vallor, made euen fortune yeelde,
And chance, awaight on well approued worthe.
I was in *Media*, when *Phraortes* slue
Great *Tatianus*, fighting for my Lorde:
I sawe when he our engins from vs drew,

And

And put ten thouſand *Romaines*, to the ſwoord,
I was in preſence, when a ſodaine feare,
In blackeſt horrour of the darkeſt night,
So much aſtoniſht all that preſent were,
With ſhriking cries that mought euen ſtones affright:
That *Antony*, with feare of treaſon mooued,
Made *Rammus* humbly ſweare vpon his knee,
To ſtrike that head, that head ſo much beloued,
From of his ſhoulders, when he once ſhould ſee,
Vneuitable danger, to lay holde,
Vpon himſelfe; yet could not all this, quaile
His haughty courage, but as vncontroulde,
He ſtill proceedes, his ſtouteſt foes t'aſſaile.
And hauing now, ſum'd with the *Parthian* blood,
The largeſt ſcores, of wrongs we did ſuſtaine,
Thence to retyre, he now hath thought it good:
And for a time at *Blanckbourg* to remaine.
Blanckbourg a Citty neere to *Sydon* plac'd,
Vnto the which our whole Campe did reſorte,
There he entends to ſtay, and not in haſte
To viſite *Roame*, as moſt of them report.
Oct. O what ſhould moue my Lord thus long to ſtay?
Byl. An others tung mought better ỹ bewray. (ſaid?
Octa. What doſt thou know more thē thou haſt yet
Byl. Madame no more. *Oct.* Why thē am I diſmaide?
Why doe I ſee thy ſorrow-clowded brow,
Seeme to conceale I know not what annoy?
Say *Byllus* whence thoſe troubled lookes may grow?
Is my *Antonius* ſafe? doth he enioy

That

That body free from hurt, wound or diſeaſe?
Doth he yet liue and draw his vitall breath?
Speake, quickly ſpeake, truth cannot me diſpleaſe,
Where now ſuſpition wounds as deepe as death.

Byl. It cannot be but that your grace doth know,
For what can be conceal'd from Princes eare?
And further ſpeech mought ſeedes of diſcord ſow,
Betweene your highneſſ and my Lord I feare.

Octa. O how delay torments a doubtfull minde.
I know, no, he procures I may not heare
Of any thing from thence, whereby I finde,
Although vnknowne yet double cauſe of feare.
Then baniſh doubt, and ſee thou plainely tell,
What ſtrange occaſion doth enforce his ſtay?
What can *Antonius* princely minde compell,
In forraine coaſtes to make ſo long delay?

Byl. Madame, the cauſe that made him to remaine
In *Syria*, ſo long time when as we went
To'ards *Parthia*, is the ſame that doth detaine,
His highneſſe now and thus your grace preuent.

Octa. Am I an Empreſſe ſtill thus diſobay'd?
And doſt thou dare to dally with me ſtill?
I firſt enquir'd, what him in *Syria* ſtaide.
Why doſt thou feare to tell the worſt of ill.

Byl. If this likewiſe be hidden from your grace,
In humble ſort a pardon I beſeech:
That high diſpleaſure gainſt me take not place,
For what ſhall be diſcloſed by my ſpeech.

Octa. I pardon all, ſo long as all be true.

Byl.

Byl. Who doth delude let ſharp death be his due.
Then if you liſt the truth to vnderſtand,
The truth is this: that fond *Ægiptian* Queene,
Queene *Cleopatra* doth your will withſtand,
And him detaines, who els had preſent been.
Octa. By force? *Byl.* O no, worlds could not him con-
To ſtay this long in any place by force: (ſtraine
But his affection is the louing chayne,
That from your highneſſe dooth his minde diuorce.
Octa. What chilling feare doth ſtreame along theſe vains?
What frozen terror makes me thus to quake?
What monſtrous greeſe, what horror, thus conſtrains
My ſtiuing hart, his lodging to forſake?
Tell me, from what conceipt may this be gueſt?
Byl. They liue together, who knowes not the reſt.
Octa. I muſt beleeue it ſore against my will.
Byl. Hardly we credit what imports our ill.
Octa. But ſlow beleeſe from wiſdome doth proceed.
Byl. But mortall wounds of preſent cure haue need.
Oct. Some fond report hath made thee falſly deeme.
Byl. I ſhunne report, and lightly it eſteeme,
But this I ſawe, when we to *Syria* came,
Antonius ſtraight to *Cleopatra* ſent,
A meſſenger *Fonteius* was his name:
Whoſe ſwiftnes did euen haſt it ſelfe preuent.
More, then we knew not, but within ſhort ſpace
Came *Cleopatra* royally attended,
And met directly at th'appointed place,
Which for their ſtay they had before pretended.

There did they sporte a time in great excesse
Of all delights which any eye hath seene,
And there *Antonius* his great loue t'expresse
Did frankely giue to this Ægyptian queene,
Phœnicia, *Cyprus* and *Cylicia*,
Part of *Arabia* where those people dwell
Cald *Nabatheans*, part of *Syria*:
And finding that she could preuaile so well
With *Antony*, she further did proceed,
And begd part of that land we *Iewry* call,
From whence mought be transported at hir neede,
True balme, for to preserue hir grace withall.
This done, my Lord, to'ards *Parthia* tooke his way,
Which we with fier and sworde did waste and burne,
But in those confines did not long time stay,
But backe againe to *Blanchebourge* we returne.
From whence, a poste was speedily addrest,
For to conduct this *Cleopatra* thither:
She kindly condiscends to his request,
Thus there they met, and there they liue togither.

Octa. O what hart-piercing greefe doth thē tormēt,
That are thus countercheckt with riualles loue?
What worlds of horror do themselues present,
Vnto their mindes that do like passions proue?
O Iealousie, when truthe once takes thy part,
What mercy-wanting tyrant so seuere?
What *Sylla*, what *Charibdis*, can impart
But halfe those horrors which in thee appeare?
Poore *Pluto*, why do we thy rigour dread?

All

All torments are containde within my breſt:
Alecto doth whole troupes of furies leade
Within my ſoule, with endleſſe greefe oppreſt.
O deſerts, now you deſerts are indeed:
Your common-wealths are coucht within my hart,
Within my hart, all rauening beaſts do feede:
And with mad furie, ſtill encreaſe my ſmart.
O greefe, I feele the worſt that thou canſt doe.
I taſte the powerfull force of miſchieſes pride.
I proue the worſt that chance can put me to.
The deepeſt wound of fortune I abide.
But ſtaye *Octauia*, if this be a lye:
If thy deare Lord do conſtant yet remaine,
Whom dooſt thou wrong, is it not *Antony*?
O fault too great, recall it back againe.
Canſt thou be ſo vnkinde, nay ſo vniuſt,
To cenſure, iudge, condemne without a cauſe?
Shall flying tales make thee ſo much miſtruſt,
Him bound to thee by Gods, and natures lawes?
O traytor paſſion, if thou couldſt ſubdue
Thy ſoueraigne reaſon, what ill tragedies
Wouldſt thou ſoone acte, but Ielouſie adieu,
My Lord is conſtant, and theſe are but lyes.
Did not he ſweare on that our nuptiall day,
By all the ſacred rights we holy deeme,
By thoſe immortall powers which we obaye,
By all things els which dearly we eſteeme,
By his right hand, by this our wedding ring,
By all that mought a perfect truthe entend:

One

One time, one day, one houre, ſhould ſurely bring,
His life, and loue vnto a finall end.
Did not he ſay, the ſtarres from heauen ſhould fall,
The fiſhes ſhould vpon the mountaines range,
And *Tyber* ſhould his flowing ſtreames recall:
Before his loue ſhould euer thinke on change.
But what of this? theſe are but onely words,
And ſo are thoſe which do his faith impeache.
O poore *Octauia*, how thy ſtate affordes,
Nought but deſpaire to ſtand within thy reache.
The ſeate of truthe is in our ſecret harts,
Not in the tongue, which falſehood oft imparts.
Haſt back then *Tyber* to thy fountaines head,
Deſcend ye ſtarres, and this baſe earth adorne,
Let *Neptunes* people on theſe hilles be fed,
For *Antony* is fled, falſe, and forſworne.
But tis not ſo, my *Antony* is true:
His honor will not let him baſely fall.
Octauies name will faithfull loue renew.
His Inoate vertue will his minde recall.
As feare of torment houlds the wicked in:
So vertues loue makes good men loath their ſinne.

Byl. Madam, I cannot force you to beleeue
That which I ſpeake, but that I ſpeake is true,
I knew too well it would your highneſſe greeue,
And would be lothe your ſorrowes to renew;
But would to God that all my words were lyes,
So my diſgrace mought worke your ſweete content;
Would this my ſoule mought be the ſacrifice,

To reconcile his loue thus fondly bent.
O vertue, thou that didſt my good aſſure,
Arme now my ſoule againſt proude fortunes might:
Without thy ſuccour I may not endure,
But this ſtrong tempeſt will deſtroy me quite.
O ſacred lampe, pure vertues liuing flame,
That neuer failes ſweet comfort to impart:
I feele thy power and glory in the ſame,
I heare thee ſay in cloſſet of my heart,
Octauia, liue, and ſhew thy ſelfe a Queene,
Tread thou my path, make conſtancy thy guide;
Let no baſe feare within thy minde be ſeene,
Let thine owne foote into no errour ſlide;
Make thine owne thoughts no witnes of thy miſſe;
Let thine owne conſcience know no cauſe of blame;
A bulwarke ſtronge, a brazen wall this is,
That will reſiſt, both ſorrow, griefe and ſhame.
Antonius fall, his owne diſgrace procures,
His is the faulte, and on his head ſhall fall,
The ſtorme of miſchiefes deep-reuenging ſhowers:
When thine own worth, in heauen ſhal thee enſtall.
His is the fault, but what? mine is the wronge.
The errour his, but I endure the ſmart;
O vertue, if thou be ſo paſſing ſtronge,
Yet once againe remoue this from my heart.
Why, vertue grieues but at his owne diſgrace,
And mindes diſtreſt, with patience doth relieue:
With wiſedomes light, it ſtil directs his pace,
And cannot fall and therefore cannot grieue.

Well griefe, I feele that thou art griefe indeed,
But patience is a prince and must not yeeld:
O sacred vertue help me at my need,
Repulse my foes with thy all mastering shield.
But what, I must not heere stand and lament,
Thy deeds *Octauia*, must approoue thy worth:
Tis wisedome, must these iniuries preuent,
I will no more excuse thy wrongs hencefoorth.
Ile seeke by all meanes thee to reconcile,
And in my thoughts reuenge shall finde no place,
But if thou needes wilt worke a thing so vile,
To seeke my ruine and thine owne disgrace,
If nothing can preuaile, Ile make it seene,
Thou wrongst an Empresse, and a *Romaine* queene.

Iulia. Camilla. Syluia.

O deare *Camilla*, what a wofull sight,
Tis to beholde the Empresse dolefull state?
Though others burthens in our eyes seeme light:
Death in my heart, her griefe doth intimate.
O what exceeding pitty t'is to see,
Such noble vertues nurst in wisedomes brest:
Snar'd in the trap of humaine misery,
By others basenes thus to be distrest.

Cam. Madame, the case is pittifull indeed,
And such as may relent a flinty heart:
A patient minde, must stand her grace insteed,
Till time and wisedome, may his loue conuert.

Iul. But who dares tell a Prince he goes aside?

Cam.

Cam. His conscience best, if wisdome were his guide.
Iul. But they are great and may do what they will.
Cam. Great if much good: not great if they do ill.
Iul. But we must yeeld to what the Prince will haue.
Cam. He is no Prince, that is affections slaue.
Iul. Be what he will his power is ouer-stronge.
Cam. Heauens will not suffer sin to florish long.
And sure who list but to beholde the end,
Shall see *Antonius* dearely buy his lust:
They neuer prosper long that leawdly spend
Their granted time, for God is not vniust.
Syl. Well, let them talke of vertue, those that list,
Of patience, iustice and of constancie:
For me, I thinke the Empresse sure hath mist,
The onely way to cure this maladie.
Buy liuing fame that list, with pitching paine,
And starue themselues with feeding fond conceipt:
Were I *Octauia* I would entertaine
His double dealing, with as fine a sleight.
I would nor weep, nor waile, but soone returne
Vpon his head the wrongs he doth pretend:
I would compel him spite of him to learne,
It were no iest a woman to offend.
He feeles not now the griefe that makes her smart:
But I know what would touch him to the heart.
Iul. What force, what wit, can *Antony* compell,
Now to forgoe his late ill-placed loue?
Syl. One nayle you see another will expel,
When nothing els can force the same to moue.

Should he that swims in streames of sweet content,
Make his delight the agent of my paine?
No, no, he rather were a president,
How to requite him with the like againe.
Had I bin touch't with sence of inward greefe,
When such like chances had be-fallen me,
Or at their leisure hoped for reliefe,
When I my selfe, mought best my selfe set free:
I had bin dead for many yeares agoe,
Or must haue liued in endlesse misery,
But I take order not to perish so,
He shall care little, that cares lesse then I.

Cam. But doth not *Syluia* blush to disanull,
Hir owne good name, hir faith, and constancie?
Doth not she feare, the wrath of heauen to pull
Vpon hir head, for such impietie? (iust,

Syl. The wrath of heauen, why no, the heauens are
And Iustice yeeldes a man his due desert:
Then sithe I do no iniurie, I trust
Not I, but he, for both our faults shall smart.
And for my faithe and constancie, no doubt
Ile deale for that as well as others shall:
But tis most strange to see you go about,
To praise the thing that workes all womens fall.
Why constancie is that which marreth all.
A weake con-cipt which cannot wrongs resist,
A chaine it is which bindes our selues in thrall,
And giues men scope to vse vs as they list,
For when they know that you will constant bide,

Small

Small is their care, how often they do slide.
O if you would but marke the little mappe
Of my poore world, how in times swift carere
I manage fortune, and with wit entrap
A thousand such as hould these courses deare;
Then would you say you want the arte of loue,
For I feare nothing lesse then such relaps,
The frowardnesse which I in men approoue,
Most troubles me for feare of after claps.
And Lord, you cannot gouerne one alone,
When I haue many subiect to my beck:
I alwayes pleasant, you still making mone,
You full of feare, they dread my frowning check.
Nor do I maruaile, for this vnion breedes
A loathing sure, by nature vnto things:
And constancie the minde with quiet feedes,
And setled quiet soone corruption brings.
Thus first we loathe, and then we straight waies hate,
When to one obiect we entend our minde:
But I with choice do still renew the state,
Of fainting loue, and still new pleasures finde.
Looke how a Bee amongst the verdant fields,
From diuers flowers extracts the pleasant thyme,
Which well compounded, one sweet matter yeelds:
So do I spend my pleasure-tasting time.
I seeke not graines of gould in barraine ground,
Nor hope for fruite, when haruest is once past:
I like not where affection is not found,
If any fall, I flye from him as fast.

And surely who will taste the sweet of loue,
Must not be tyed vnto one poore conceipt:
One cannot worke or halfe his practise prooue,
Vpon one minde which will be dulled straight.
But there must be an emulation plac'd,
Mongst fauourites as spur of swift desire:
By letting one still see another grac'd,
As though the on's deserts did so require.
Two at a time I seldome entertaine,
Nor one alone, but alwaies if I might,
Whiles any one to court me I detaine,
Some other of the crew should be in sight:
Who mought behold, how frankly I bestow,
Both smiles, and fauours, where it pleased me;
They thinking this from his deserts to grow,
Will striue for to deserue as well as he.
Thus I abound with store of proferred loue,
With vowed faith, with presents and what not:
When in the end one fortune all must prooue,
And all these fauours must be cleane forgot.

Cam. But will not all thy seruants thee forsake,
To see a ryuall such high fauour gaine?

Syl. If any iealious foole a surfeite take,
Then thus with arte I bring him on amaine.
Some extraordinary fauour falles
On him vnwares, which may new fire his minde:
Or els some trusty agent him recalles,
In secret manner thereunto assign'd;
Who tels him (as of friendship) I admire

His

His discontent, and my vnkindnesse blame;
How I doe oftentimes of him enquire,
And still a sigh awaites vpon his name.
This way I seldon faile, till at the last,
In follies lap affection hath him lull'd.
From whence with fresh desire he flyes as fast,
As if (poore foole) his wings had nere been pull'd.

Iul. But sith thy minde can neuer be so free,
But that affection will on thee lay holde:
That being partiall, me thinkes should be
A cause, that others loue would soone waxe cold.

Syl. Affection, no, I know not such a thought,
That were a way to make my selfe a slaue:
I hate subiection and will nere be brought,
What now I giue, at others hands to craue.

Iul, But yet I know some one aboue the rest
Is most belou'd, but that you list to iest.

Syl. I loue one most? I fauour, loue, and grace,
Most euery one, whiles he in presence is:
But being gone, looke who comes next in place,
He's next my heart, my course is alwaies this.
And if that any chance to fall away,
Shall losse of him thus vexe me at the heart?
No griefe, I neuer meane to be thy pray,
My care and he together shall depart.

Cam. Of straying, falling, and I wot not what,
So many words hath *Syluia* spent in vaine:
That time, and truth, and purpose are forgot,
To *Antony* let vs returne againe.

We

We ſpeake not of thy ſutors, we complaine
Of his vntruth, that ſecond vnto none,
In faithleſnes: of duety ſhould remaine,
For euer conſtant vnto one alone.
Of his vntruth, who hath his honor ſtain'd,
By baſe defiling of his mariage bed:
Who being vowed, and by oath detain'd,
Is falſe for ſworne, ſeduc'd and fondly fled.
Syl. Why all is one, no wedlocke can compell,
No law, no feare, no reaſon can conſtraine
Our mindes, whiles we in natures caſtels dwell,
The pleaſing courſe of nature to refraine.
Nature it ſelfe dooth moſt delight in change,
The heauens, by motion do their muſicke make:
Their lights by diuers waies and courſes raunge,
And ſome of them new formes doe alwaies take.
Their working power is neuer alwaies one,
And time it ſelfe leaſt conſtant is of all:
This earth we ſee and all that liues thereon,
Without new change, into deſtruction fall.
Nay what is more, the life of all theſe things,
Their eſſence, and perfection, doth conſiſt
In this ſame change, which to all creatures brings
That pleaſure, which in life may not be miſt.
Sith then all creatures are ſo highly bleſt,
To taſte the ſweet of life in often change:
If we which are the princes of the reſt,
Should want the ſame, me thinks t'were very ſtrange.
For proofe hereof, I need not to vnfold:

Such

Such farre fetcht ſecrets, ſcence will make it plaine.
What pleaſure hath the eye, when you beholde
One onely obiect: is't not rather paine?
What ſweet delight doth charme the liſtning eare,
When onely one tune it doth apprehend?
In taſte and ſmell, like loathing doth appeare,
Whoſe euidence, no wit can reprehend.
Since nature then hath framed for the eye,
Such ſundrie coulors to delight the ſame;
And for the eare ſuch ſtrange variety,
Of ſweeteſt tunes, which doe our muſicke frame;
Such diuers meates, to pleaſe the dainty taſte;
So many ſauours to delight that ſence;
Each other part, with diuers pleaſures grac'd;
Leaſt want of change mought haply breed offence.
What, ſhall the heart the maſter of the reſt,
Be more reſtrain'd then any ſauage beaſt?
Shall not the heart, on whom all thoſe depend,
Haue greater ſcope then any of them all,
To taſte the pleaſure of each pleaſing friend?
Faith mine hath had, and ſo it euer ſhall.

Cum. Peace wicked woman, nay foule monſter peace
Whoſe very ſteps defile the guiltleſſe earth:
Staine of thy ſexe, thy poiſoned ſpeech ſurceaſe,
That hath from ſinne, and wickednes, his birth.
Is't not too much to glory in thy ſinne,
Leawd creature, that haſt ouer-liu'd all ſhame?
Imbouldning others to perſiſt therein,
When thou thy ſelfe ſhouldſt ſhun and fly the ſame;

But

But thou muſt make the heauens a preſident,
For thy mildeedes, which on thy head will power,
Eternall vengeance, vnleſſe thou repent,
And ſtay the force of miſchiefes dreadfull ſhower.
Theſe mouing thinges are conſtant in their kinde,
Vnto the end for which they were ordain'd:
Not mutable like thy vngodly minde,
Whoſe very thoughts with wickednes are ſtain'd.
Our ſcences their peculiar obiects haue,
Whoſe ſtore, and number, doth vnto vs ſhew,
How reuerently we ſhould our ſelues behaue,
To'ards him whoſe bounty did the ſame beſtow.
O Chaſtity bright vertues ſacred flame,
Be neuer woman louely wanting thee.
Be neuer woman wrong'd adorn'd with thee.
Be all diſgrac'd that merit not thy name.
Come *Iulia*, we haue taried heere too long.
Syuia adiew in faith I wiſh thee well,
No honeſt minde I thinke will doe thee wrong,
T'is puniſhment enough to hang in hell.

Chorus.

GReat guide of this ſame golden flame,
Which daies and times deuideth
Whoſe beauty euer is the ſame,
And alwaies one abideth.
Why haſt thou ſuch a monſter made,
which alwaies thus rebelleth:

And

And with new torments doth inuade,
The heart wherein it dwelleth.
Affection is the ſauage beaſt,
Which alwaies vs annoyeth:
And neuer lets vs liue in reſt,
But ſtill our good deſtroyeth.

Affections power who can ſuppreſſe
And maſter when it ſinneth:
Of worthy praiſe deſerues no leſſe,
Then he that kingdomes winneth.
Were Antony a Prince indeede,
That baſe affection ſcorned:
Him to bemone we ſhould not need,
With vitious life deformed.
But this ſeducing Vertues foe,
In whom all pleaſure ſhineth:
Doth all our ſcences ouerthrow,
and reaſon vndermineth.

Who doth not ioy, when from his necke,
The yoake of bondage ſlideth:
And wiſh to liue without the check,
Of him that others guideth?
Yet what more hard, then to obſerue,
In ſuch licentious pleaſure:
The golden meane, which doth not ſwarue,
From ſacred Vertues meaſure:
Who know, and ſee, the way of ſinne

Beſet

Beſet with dangers many:
Yet ſtill perſiſt and walke therein,
As negligent as any.

The minde with deepeſt wiſedome fraught,
That miſchiefes hand eſcheweth:
And enuies craft doth bring to naught,
Affections force ſubdueth.
The haughty heart with courage bolde,
That deaths pale face deſpiſeth:
The Prince which ſcornes to be contrould,
Affections power ſurprizeth.
And hauing made it ſelfe a king,
Our minde with errour feedeth:
Till we our ſelues effect the thing,
Which our deſtruction breedeth.

The path of errour, is ſo grac'd,
With ſweeteſt ſeeming pleaſures:
As if delight had therein plac'd,
The ſtore houſe of her treaſures.
But who to proone the ſame are bent,
In ſinfull maze encluded:
In vaine at laſt will ſure repent,
with ſhamefull end deluded.
Where vertues little beaten wayes,
with diuers troubles cumbred:
Direct our ſteps vnto true ioyes,
Amongſt the Angels numbred.

Actus tertius.

Octauia. Cæsar.

O Fearce desire, the spring of sighes and teares,
Relieu'd with want, impouerisht with store,
Nurst with vaine hopes, and fed with doubtful feares,
Whose force withstood, encreaseth more and more.
How doth thy pride thus torture my poore heart,
Whiles I for bodies shadowes entertaine:
And in the harueſt of most high desert,
Do reape no fruite, but scorne and deep disdaine.
No fearce *Hyrcanian* forrest doth possesse,
So wilde a *Tyger*, nor no *Libian* coaste,
Hath euer knowne a greedy Lyonesse,
Rob'd of the pray which she affected most,
So beyond measure full of furious Ire,
As is the minde rob'd of his chiefe desire.
O destinies, that draw the golden twine,
Which doth conduct the neuer-tyred poste,
Why haue you left vnclos'd these eyes of mine,
To see the field of all mine honor lost?
In vaine I sought a whyle, to cure the wound
With balme of hope, drawne from a constant minde,
But now the truth is manyfestly found:
I heare, I see, I know, I feele, I finde,
The shamefull wronge, the scorne and high disdaine

Which faithlesse he most falsly dooth pretend,
To power on me whiles from dispaire in vaine,
With constant hope, my weakenesse I defend,
O torment, worse then deaths most bitter gall:
Worse then is found in that infernall place;
To see another glory in my fall;
To see another proud with my disgrace.
Why doost thou stay, distrest *Octauia* dye.
Dead to all ioyes let death thy torments end,
Who gaue thee life, the same doth now deny:
And to another his affection bend.
Another dooth thy interest enioy:
And yet thou liuest, and yet thou doost delay,
To calme with death the tempest of annoye,
When to disgrace thy life dooth thee betray.
Dye dead *Octauia*. What? and basely dye?
Shall I sit downe and yeeld my selfe to shame?
Shall I content my selfe with wronges? nothing.
Reuenge *Octauia*, or thou art too blame.
Dye neuer vnreueng'd of such a wrong.
My power is such that I may well preuaile.
And rather then I will endure it long,
With fier and sword I will you both assaile.
My nature doth abhorre to be thus vsed,
My heart doth scorne such monstrous iniurie
My birth, my state, disdaine to be abused,
And I will deeply score thy periurie.
Then greefe giue place a while vnto disdaine, I,
Mylde pittie, make thee wings and flye away.

And death, withdraw thy haſtie hand againe,
Whiles with aduantage I their debts repay.
How now *Octauia*, whither wilt thou flye?
Not what thou maiſt, but do thou what is iuſt:
Shall theſe ſame hands attempt impietie?
I may, I can, I will, I ought, I muſt,
Reuenge this high diſgrace, this *Cæſar* will,
Byrthe, nature, reaſon, all require the ſame.
Yet vertue will not haue me to do ill.
Yeeld, all things yeeld, to vertues ſacred name.
How then? euen thus, with patience make thee ſtrong,
The heauens are iuſt, let them reuenge thy wrong.
Cruell to me, ſelfe-wronging *Antony*,
Thy follie ſhall not make *Octauia* ſinne:
Ile be as true in vertuous conſtancie,
As thou art falſe and infamous therein.
Ile be as famous for a vertuous wife,
As thou notorious for ſo leawd a life.

Cæſar. As is a ſweet pearle dropping ſiluer ſhowre,
Which ſome milde cloud down from the ſhadie skies
Vpon the parched flowrie fields dooth power:
Such is *Octauiaes* ſight to *Cæſars* eyes.
Hath *Iaſons* trauaile gaind the goulden fleece,
Or hath *Octauia* faild of hir entent?
Is *Antony* within the bounds of *Greece*,
Or dooth he ſtay at *Blanchbourg* malecontent?

Oct. O *Cæſar*, how my now diſtracted minde
Vnites it ſelfe to render worthy thanks:
But woe is me, no way, no meanes I finde,

No

No hope to hide *Antonius* luſtful prankes.
I him beſought, by all that words might ſay,
By this ſame ring that knit the *Gordian* knot:
By all the rights paſt on our wedding day,
But all in vaine, for all is now forgot.
Looke how ſome proude hard harted mighty rocke,
Which makes the ſea a mirrour for his face,
Repell's the waters with a churliſh ſtroake,
Which mildely ſtriue his body to imbrace:
So his indurate minde reiects my words,
And rudely makes me and my hopes forlorne,
His flinty heart naught but repulſe affoords,
And my deſerts returne me naught but ſcorne.
Cæſar. Were not *Octauia* precious in my ſight,
Whoſe will withſtood what I did moſt deſire:
The bloudy lynes had not been now to wrighte,
Of ſuch reuenge as his leawd deeds require.
But worthy branch of braue *Octauius* lyne,
In *Cæſars* thoughts liue and predominate:
Yours is my kingdome and what els is mine,
My ſelfe, my ſcepter and my royal ſtate.
Then ſith I euer graunted your requeſt,
And let you prooue al meanes his loue to winne:
Since you and we in vaine haue done our beſt,
To ſtay his ſoote out of the ſincke of ſinne;
Now for my ſake, if I may ought preuaile,
For dead *Octauius* neuer ſtained worth:
For deare *Ancharias* loue, and your auaile,
Excuſe no more his faithleſneſſe hencefoorth,

Yeeld

Yeeld but to this, liue heere and banish care,
Forget his name that traytor-like is fled:
Liue like a Queene, remember who you are,
And let me rouse him from his Lemmans bed.
Leaue you this house of his, and what is his,
Stand of your selfe since he entends your fall:
Dishonor not your name with others misse,
If loue cannot recall him terror shall.

Oct. Dishonor not my name! O *Cæsar* no,
My miserie is not of that degree:
Wrought by my follie or forc'd by my foe,
Which mought attribute that disgrace to me.
Tis paine, and greefe, to beare and suffer wrong,
But shame and sinne to him that dooth the same:
True patience can mildly suffer long,
Where rage and furie do our liues defame.
Tis fortitude which scornes the force of wrong,
And temperance not to be moou'd withall:
Tis constancie makes vs continue strong,
And wisdoms worke to free our selues from thrall.
But I am wrong'd you say, and tis base feare,
Without reuenge to suffer iniurie:
Its cowardize vnworthy wrongs to beare,
And madnesse to giue way to trecherie,
Well then, reuenge, but what? *Octauias* wrong,
Of whom? of *Antony*. And who is he?
Ah my deere Lord, that will returne ere long,
And hate his fall, and be most true to me.
If not, Ile then reuenge, but how? with death?

He is my ſelfe, his greefe procures my paine.
With ſpoile and loſſe? O no that were not good,
By certaine loſſe to hope for doubtfull gaine.
How then? be falſe as he is moſt vntrue.
One wound doth not an others balme procure.
Flame is not quencht with flame, but both renue,
A double force not eaſie to endure.
Whence ſprings reuenge? from malice and diſdaine:
Then ſpeake not of it, for it is in vaine.
Earth open firſt thine vndeuided lawes,
And ſwallow me in thine infernall wombe:
Eare willingly I ſwarue from vertues lawes,
Truthe my loues childbed was, truthe be his tombe.

Cæſ. Were *Antony* as loyall in his loue,
As he is falſe, forſworne, and fondly bent:
Then would I thinke it reaſon to approoue,
And highly praiſe your vertuous entent.
But ſith he willingly doth you forſake,
And wilfully perſiſties to do vs wrong:
High honor dooth require our ſwords to take,
Moſt iuſt reuenge, which we may not prolong.

Oct. His falſhood dooth not malice raiſe in me,
But rather ſhewes how fraile mans nature is:
An argument which bids me carefull be,
Leaſt I my ſelfe ſhould likewiſe do amiſſe.

Cæſ. Can my perſwaſions then no whit preuaile?
Can my requeſt no thought of yeelding finde?
Can you eſteeme of him whoſe truth dooth faile?
There are few women of *Octauiaes* minde.

Octa. Too few I grant, and therefore am I such,
And though alone, yet will perseuer still:
We imitate the multitude too much,
Most do, as do the most, and most do ill.
The number of the vertuous is so small,
That few delight to tread that loanely way:
But wisdomes heires are iealious of their fall;
And thinke it shamefull all should goe astray.
A vertuous act seemes strange in some mens sight,
Because they seldome saw the like before,
But noble mindes are carefull of the right,
And others errors make them feare the more.
How senceleslly we sleepe in follies bedde,
How few there are indeed, how all would seeme
Wise, honest, iust, how fondly are we led,
To vse that least which we do most esteeme?
Then ought a prince to feare much more then any:
Least his fault be a president to many.

Cæs. And is it vertue then to be misused?

Octa. To giue no cause why we should be abused.

Cæs. Do but consent, Ile act and beare the blame.

Octa. To giue consent to sinne, is sinne & shame.

Cæs. And is it sinne to punish leawdnesse then?

Octa. Sinne to exulte vpon repentant men.

Cæs. But he persists in hatefull trecherie.

Oct. True loue may spring from pardoned iniurie.

Ca. How may they loue, who worlds of distance part?

Octa He is not far thats lodg'd within the heart.

Ca. But time, and absence, will consume all loue.

Oct. Soner the hart, which doth those passions proue.
Cæs. Not so, no mortall darte neare loue is found.
Oct. But we are mortall which endure the wound.
Cæs. Yet leaue this house, if not his loue deny.
Oct. First let this soule out of his lodging flye.
Cæs. Can nature then no priuiledge obtaine?
Are his deserts in such aboundant store?
Must all I do be fruitlesse and in vaine?
Antonius be your guide, I say no more.
Oct. If that my words so much offend your minde,
O silent death, thou my best refuge art:
O breake my heart, for *Cæsar* is vnkinde,
In silent greefe, O breake my wounded heart.
Cæs. What in a traunce? O sister, sister deare,
Light of my life, deare modell of my soule:
Hurt not your selfe, O banish needlesse feare,
Woe, woe, to me, that did you thus controule:
O deare *Octauia*, I spake but to prooue,
How farre your thoughts were bent with iealousie;
To see if malice had exilde your loue,
To finde how you esteemd of *Antony*.
Oct. O *Cæsar* more belou'd then these same eyes,
More then the light which glads my tired life:
Do not my truly louing minde despise,
Kill not my heart with this your factious strife.
Alasse tis not his house that I respect,
His wealth, or trypartite high regiment:
I would the worlds great treasurie neglect,
Rather then hazard *Cæsars* discontent.

Tis

Tis not affection that enchaines my minde,
Or partiall loue that makes my faith ſo ſtrong:
Too well alaſſe my ſelfe abuſde I finde,
And this my hart too ſenſible of wrong.
And what is worſe, this wrong ſo full of ſcorne,
As mought incenſe the mildeſt minde aliue:
To ſee my Lord a graceleſſe Queene ſuborne,
And my diſhonour careleſly contriue.
Nay worſe then that, if worſe then that may be,
No creature euer felt the like diſgrace:
Each wronged wight may hope for remedie,
My ſhamefull ſtorie nothing may deface.
For if my Lord would cure this wound againe:
Yet woe is me, the ſcarre will ſtill remaine.
In theſe reſpects, perhaps I could be brought,
To ſtrike reuenge as deepe as any could:
I want no meanes whereby it mought be wrought,
For many thouſands wiſh it if I would.
And what is more, my ſelfe can ſcarcely let:
But *Ceſars* ſworde for me would pay the debt.
But when I finde in cloſet of my heart,
How I haue paun'd my faith to *Antony*,
How I haue vow'd that nought but death ſhould
From him my loue, and my fidelitie. (part
When that I ſee the vulgar peoples eyes,
Make my deſignes the patterne of their deeds:
How with my thoughts they ſtriue to ſimpathize,
And how my miſſe their certaine errour breedes.
When that I finde how my departure were,

The opening of a gate to ciuill warres:
Then *Atlas*-like I am constrain'd to beare,
A hated hell though not the happie starres.
Ile rather dye, then witnesse with these eyes,
In mortall wounds and bloudie lines enrowled,
The argument of my calamities,
Whom proud mischance, vniustly thus controwled,
Shall neuer two such noble Emperours,
Their dearest liues aduenture for my sake:
Shall neuer for my sake such mightie powers,
The doubtfull chaunce of battle vndertake.
Shall neuer tongue recount *Octauiaes* errour,
An instance of his faithlesse perfidie
Ile rather dye the world vnspotted myrrour,
And with my faith surmount his iniurie.

Cæs. Well sister, then I see that constancie
Is sometimes seated in a womans brest:
Your strange designes euen from your infancie,
Can neuer without wonder be expresst.

Oct. I know not what you thinke of woman kinde,
That they are faithlesse and vnconstant euer:
For me, I thinke all women striue to finde
The perfect good, and therein to persеuer.
Euen as a Torche, or Sulphure poudered light,
Whiles any nourishment maintaines his flame,
Fayles not to burne, and burning shineth bright,
Till arte obscure, or force put out the same:
Such is the minde in womans brest contained,
With the true zeale of vertues loue enflam'd,

We

We may be dead, but liuing neuer ſtained,
We may be wrongd, but neuer rightly blam'd.
Cæſ. Wel, for your ſelfe proceed as you thinke beſt:
Time and the heauens, muſt ſee theſe wrongs redreſt.

Cæſar. Titius. Plancus.

Great peeres that ſtriue with wiſdoms ſacred fame,
To ouer-liue all humaine memory:
Shew me, for what entent you hither came,
What cauſde you to reuoult from *Antony*?
Tit. By our acceſſe we nothing elſe entend,
But humbly to beſeech your maieſtie:
Vnder your gracious fauour to defend,
Our wronged ſelues from hatefull iniurie.
Proud *Cleopatra*, Ægypts craftie Queene,
Rules *Antony*, and wrongs ſhe cares not where:
So inſolent hir late attempts haue been,
As no pride-ſcorning *Romaine* heart can beare.
She is become our Queene and gouernour,
And we whoſe courage feares the force of no man:
By ſeruile baſeneſſe of our Emperour,
Muſt be content to ſtoope vnto a woman.
Cæſ. What Angel Queen rules thoſe *Nyleian* coaſts,
Whoſe beautie can ſo ouer-rule mens mindes:
What goddeſſe can command the man that boaſts
To equall *Iulius*, in his high deſignes.
Plan. If in thoſe guifts, by nature we enioy,
Vnto *Octauias* ſacred maieſtie,
Shee be but comparable any way:

Be neuer *Romaines* ſo diſgrac'd as we,
But for hir artificiall ornaments,
For pompe, for pride, for ſuperfluitie,
For all exceſſe that folly repreſents:
She doth exceed the height of vanitie.
Hir ſunne-burnt beautie cannor pleaſe his ſight,
That hath a minde with any reaſon fraught:
But tis hir *Syren* tongue that dooth delight,
Hir craftie *Cyrces* wit which hath him caught.
As when from *Athens*, *Niger* made returne,
And did relate the Empereſſe entent,
Which he of purpoſe had in charge to learne:
And did hir princely guiſts to him preſent.
And further did with truth diſcouering words,
Octauiaes well deſerued praiſes frame:
An argument which to that Queene affords,
A furious blaſt to raiſe a Iealious flame.
Then did ſhe nothing vnattempted leaue,
That art mought frame, or wit mought well deuize
Which mought his minde, of reaſon quite bereaue:
And thus ſhe ſtraight began to *Syrenize*.
Shee pines hir body with the want of food,
That ſhe mought ſeeme to languiſh for his ſake:
And by hir geſtures would be vnderſtood,
How from his abſence ſhe hir death ſhould take.
Hir deepe lamenting lookes fixt in his face,
In ſilent termes preſent an earneſt ſute:
As who ſhould ſay, O pitty my hard caſe,
Whom violence of paſſion maketh mute.

Then would ſhe ſtand of purpoſe in his way,
In any place where he ſhould paſſage make:
And there as though vnwilling to bewray,
What bitter griefe ſhe inwardly did take:
Downe from her eyes diſtils a Chriſtall tyde,
Which at his comming ſhe would dry againe,
And ſodainly would turne her head a ſide,
As though vnwilling to reueale her paine.
Thus in his preſence rauiſhed with ioy,
She ſmiles, and ſhewes, what mirth ſhe can deuize:
But in his abſence drowned with annoy,
She ſeemes to take her life from thoſe his eyes.
Then Meeremaid-like his ſences ſhe inuades,
With ſweeteſt nectar of a ſugered tongue:
Vnto her will, ſhe euer him perſwades,
The force of her words witch-craft is ſo ſtrong.
Then came the kenell of her flattering crew,
Who largely paint the ſtory of her death,
Like feede Atturneys they her ſute renue,
And hunt *Antonius* ſpirits out of breath.
Wherewith aſſayl'd, he like a man enchaunted,
To make her know ſhe need not to miſdoubt him:
Or like to one with ſome mad fury haunted,
Aſſembleth all the people round about him.
In that fayre Citty royalliz'd by fame,
By that great *Macedonian* monarke builded:
Of whom it tooke beginning, birth and name,
Where on a high *Tribunall* ſeate which yeelded,
A large proſpect, were plac'd too chayres of golde;

One

One for himselfe, another for her grace,
And humbler seates which mought her childrē hold,
Of such like mettall, in the selfe same place.
There he estabilisht *Cleopatra*, Queene
Of *Ægipt*, *Cyprus*, and of *Lidia*:
And that his bounty mought the more beseene,
He ioyn'd thereto the lower *Syria*.
Cæsarion, heyre apparant to her grace
Was constituted King of those same lands.
His owne two sonnes by her were there in place,
Attended with great troopes of martiall bands.
These two, the mighty Kings of Kings he called,
And to the eldest gaue *Armenia*,
The country *Media*, and forthwith enstalled
Him regent of the Kingdome *Parthia*.
To *Ptolomy* he gaue *Phœnicia*,
And all the terrytories there adioyning:
The vpper *Syria*, and *Cilicia*,
Vnto them both peculiar guards assigning.
A *Median* gowne the elder of them ware,
And all th' *Armenian* souldiers so instructed:
Accomplishing the charge they had before,
About him came and thence they him conducted.
In *Macedonian* robes the other stands,
In distance from his brother little space:
About him came the *Macedonian* bands,
And guarded safe his person from the place.
These things proclaim'd, the trumpets lowdest voice,
Vnto all peoples eares foorthwith imparted,

Whereat

Whereat ſome frowne, ſome murmure, ſome reioyce,
Whiles he, with his immortall queene departed.
Cæs. Immortall? why you ſaid ſhe was not ſuch.
Pla. Not ſhe, but her attyre did claime thus much.
Cæ. Was her attyre ſo admirable then?
Pla. Scorning the baſenes of vs mortall men.
Clad like the Goddeſſe *Iſis* ſhe did goe:
Then what hard heart wold not haue thought her ſo
Cæs. When that *Appollodorus* on his backe,
A flockbed did to *Iulius Cæſar* bring:
With thongs of leather truſt vp like a ſacke;
As though there had been need of ſuch a thing,
Where was the Goddeſſe when this came to paſſe?
Pla. Shee, noble ſhe, was ryding on her Aſſe.
Cæs. When *Antony* about the ſtreetes doth runne,
Liſtning at each mans window in the night:
To heare what in the houſe is ſaid or done,
And with ſtrainge noyſes paſſengers affright.
Where is this Goddeſſe then ſo highly bleſt?
Pla. She ambles after to laugh at the ieſt.
Cæ And ſhal our ſtate maintaine their hateful pride?
Shall bleeding *Roome* procure their wanton peace?
Tis time we ſtould a remedy prouide,
And their ambition ſpeedily ſuppreſſe.

Chorus.

Chorus.

WHat guilded baites of ſinne,
Doe ſtill procure our miſſe:
And ſeeke our ſoules to winne,
From theyr entended bliſſe?
Euen natures ſelfe doth draw,
And force vs ſtill to ſlide:
And violate the law,
Which reaſon makes our guide.
Of pleaſures we alowe,
Which doe our thraldom bring:
When ſtaruelsng Vertue now,
Is ſcarcely iudg'd a thing;
The one a poore conceipt, the other proou'd a King.

If that it be ſo ſweete,
To tread the path of ſinne:
And ſo exceeding meete,
We ſhould not walke therein;
O nature moſt Vnkinde,
That prooues weake reaſons foe:
O reaſon too too blinde,
That croſſeth nature ſo.
Three mal-ſeducing foes,
Conduct falſe errours traine:
Miſleading moſt of thoſe,

Which

Which vertues praise would gaine.
Whose force vnlesse we foyle, we labour all in vaine.

Th'examples of the most,
Which most doe take least care,
To anchore on the coaste,
Where sacred vertues are.
Sweete Syrenyzing tongues,
In flattery most expert:
Whose ill perswading songes,
Our scences doe peruert.
And mens iniurious deeds,
Doe cause vs to digresse:
Our errour fury breedes,
When wronges our mindes oppresse. (distresse.
These treason working mates, still worke our great

Examples make vs bolde,
To tread the doubtfull way,
Which we before were tolde,
Would lead vs quite astray.
Perswations kindly mooue,
And winne vs to doe ill:
Whose poyson when we prooue,
We poysoned, loue it still,
But iniury more strong,
Doth fiercely vs incite:
By suffring to doe wronge,
Forgetfull of the right,

All

All these thrice Vertuous Queene, assaile thee with (their might.
Who can vile deedes despise,
And flattering tongues neclect:
With malice temporize,
As wisedome doth direct.
Giue him the lawrell crowne,
Triumphant victors weare:
The tytles of renowne,
Which vertues monarkes beare.
And thou most glorious queene,
These traytor foes repell:
That vertue may be seene,
In that your sexe to dwell.
And bravely vaunt thy worth where he most basely fel.

Actus quartus.

Octauia. Mecœnas. Agrippa. Cæsar.

YOu haughty Lords, that bury death and fate,
In liuing monuments of lofty fame:
Whose worthy praise doth claime the boundles
wherewith eternity doth blaze her name. (date,
Gainst whom raise you these forces in such haste?
Gainst whom lead you this danger threatning power?
Doth hatefull *Hannibal* your confines waste?

Or *Brennus* ſword your liues ſeeke to deuoure?
No no my Lords, this your concea'ld deſigne,
Reſounding *Echoes* of moſt ſtrange debate:
With tragike tydinges fill'd theſe ears of mine,
That powr'd on me the ſtorme of all your hate.
Neuer ſince princelie hande of *Syluias* ſonne,
Laide the foundations of theſe ſtately towers:
Did ſharpe miſchaunce ſo much eclyps the ſunne,
Of our good fortune, with ſuch fatall lowers.
But if that wiſedome euer found a place,
Within your ſoules, which beautifies your praiſe:
Now ſhew the ſame, and ſaue from high diſgrace,
Our bleeding honor, and death breathing ioyes.
You know how bloud maintaines the life of warres,
As doubtfull as deare bought the victory:
Mans deſtiny is chain'd by vnknowne ſtarres,
To happy ioyes or mournfull miſery.
If you triumph, you conquer not your foes,
But neighbors, kinſefolkes and your deareſt friendes:
Whoſe wounds bleed ſhame, and deep hart-peircing woes,
Inſteed of conqueſt this is your amendes.
But if my Lord obtaine the lawrell wreath,
And fortune ſmile on him with like ſucceſſe:
What fatall tempeſts, furious rage will breath,
From his hearts caue, your ſelues may eaſily gueſſe.
You know when touch of honor wings his minde,
What lyon thoughts tyre on his haughty ſoule.
Where wronged valour raignes tis hard to finde,
Such pitty as may honors pride coutroule.

Then

Then ſith your courſe to looſe your ſelues is bent,
To looſe your liues or purchaſe liuing ſhame:
Let wiſedomes eyes, blinde errours faults prettent,
With eaſe a ſparke, with paine is quencht a flame.
Be aduocates for me to *Cæſars* grace,
And ſtop in time the current of his hate:
Let gentle pittie in your mindes finde place,
When ſwords haue pleaded, words wil come too late.
You know my fortune euer hath been ſuch,
As dazeled *Enuies* eies with honors ſhine:
But ſince *Antonius* hath augmented much,
This ſoueraignty, and great eſtate of mine;
Since nature, fortune, birth and maieſty,
In fields of glory ſtirre vp ciuill warres,
Which of them moſt ſhould raiſe my dignity,
And lift mine honor neereſt to the ſtarres;
Since theſe two Emperours whoſe princely hands,
Doe ſway the ſcepter of the *Romaine* ſtate:
The one my brother, linkt in natures bands,
The other is my ſpouſe and louing mate;
Since heauens themſelues did in my life prouide,
To ſhew the map of their felicityes:
This *Roome* my Lords and all the world beſide,
Make me the obiect of their wondring eyes.
Thus I that was more happy then the reſt,
And did excell in glory and renoune:
With more then moſt diſgrace ſhall be ſuppreſt,
No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.
And that which nature grantes the meaneſt wight,

They

They cannot looſe which haue the conqueſt wonne:
Yet with this ſtrange *Dylemma* workes my ſpight,
Who ſ'euer winne *Octauia* is vndone.
Great Empreſſe, this bright ſunne can witnes well,
So can theſe heauens before whoſe powers I ſtand:
That gainſt our mindes *Cæſar* doth vs compell,
This enterprize you ſee, to take in hand.
But for my ſelfe, and if the caſe be ſuch,
That but report is auctor of this iarre:
If *Cæſars* honor may be free from touch
Of any ſtaine, relinquiſhing the warre.
Ile doe my beſt, and what I may perſwade,
To lay downe armes, wherein if I preuaile:
A perfect league of friendſhip ſhall be made,
That may the fury of this tempeſt quaile.
And pardon me (deare ſoueraigne) though my ſpeech
Include exceptions in this doubtfull wiſe:
I may not *Cæſar* mooue, nor him beſeech,
What may his maieſtie diſroyallize.
This ſaid, behold my hand, my ſword, my ſoule,
Heere humbly proſtrate at your princely feete:
What you commaund let none dare to controule,
This *Cæſar* will and this we thinke moſt meete,
Arg. Madam, your ſpeech I thinke doth not extend,
To the diſparagement of your owne bloud:
And ſooner ſhall my life haue finall end,
Then I refuſe to doe your highnes good.
Though laſt my ſpeech, yet ſecond vnto none
Is my deſire, t'effectuate your will.

But loe where *Cæsar* comes himselfe alone, (skil.
Arme we our tongues with words, our words with
Cæs. Fayer issue of renoun'd *Octauius* race,
My second selfe, *Romes* glorious Empresse:
Behold vs all assembled heere in place,
To worke your safety and your wrongs redresse.
Your Lord *Antonius* (as we heare) doth threate,
To power sharpe stormes of deep reuenging Ire,
Vpon our heads: and make th' imperiall seate
His sole possession, ere he hence retyre.
But let him know, though finely he pretend,
To guilde iniustice with a Princes name:
Though he triumph in words, yet ere I end,
What he begins, he may repent the same.
Oct. My gracious Lord, high words doe but encrease
The flame of vallour in incensed mindes:
Leaue armes my Lord, and let vs treate of peace:
Who best doth speed in war, smal safety findes,
Ful wel the world your noble worth hath knowne,
Let not new dangers needlesse tropheies raise.
Let not th' effect of hateful deeds be showne,
Against my Lord who may deserue your praise.
Cæs. Shal he be prais'd that is become our foe,
Staine of our name, foile of the *Romaine* state:
A seruile mah, contriuer of our woe,
And from all honor doth degenerate?
Nay what is more, tis said he doth pretend,
To worke our ruine, and our fatal end.
Oct. Can foule suspition then, and false report,

In

In wiſedomes confines holde ſo large a place:
That it can foyle our reaſon in ſuch ſort,
To fly the good, and worke his owne diſgrace?
The auncient *Romaines* wont to draw their ſwordes,
To purchaſe honor, of their ſtouteſt foes:
But you whoſe groundes are vaine ſurmized words,
By ſeeking honor, ſhall your honors looſe.
Fame hath two wings, the one of falſe report:
The other hath ſome plumes of veritie;
Why then ſhould doubtful rumour, raiſe a forte
Of mortall hate, againſt my Lord and me.
Suppoſe he rais'd as you haue done, a power:
He to defend, not to offend his friend,
The heauens forbid that any fatall hower,
Should your proceedings turne t'vnhappy end.
Vnhappy no, he neuer falles amiſſe,
That foiles his foe before his final ende:
High honor, not long life, the treaſure is,
Which noble mindes without reſpect defend.
Oct. The prize of honor is not alwaies bloud.
Ce. Tis honor all whoſe end imports our good.
Oct. O wretched ſtate where men make haſte to dye.
Ce. True valour feeles nor griefe nor miſery.
Oct. He is your brother, be not then vnkinde.
Ce. Iuſtice, not pitty, fits a Princes minde.
Oct. He hath done nothing, ſpare an innocent.
Ce. He doth too much that beares a falſe entent.
Oct. You both are ſtronge, and both will buy it deare.
Ce. I arm'd with iuſtice, know not how to feare.

Oct. O *Cæsar* shall my heart be made a stage,
For you to play a bloudie tragedie?
Shall fearce misfortune, breathing spitefull rage,
Make me vicegerent of all misery?
If both of you misled in errours maze,
Doe seeke reuenge of misconceiued wrongs,
For your owne sakes out of your fancies raze,
The spots of mallice grafted with your tongues.
But if mischance haue offered disgrace,
To eyther party: O let me entreate,
That for my sake, kinde pardon may deface,
A fault so small, with breath of words made great.

Cæ. Bright lamp of vertue, honors liuing flame,
Whosoeuer winne, you can no losse sustaine:
Whom partiall fortune lust to crowne with fame,
His be the day, the triumph and the gaine.
The victor must be eyther your owne Lord,
Or els your brother, who will both consent,
To trie their fortunes with the dinte of sword.
But shield you as the worlds chiefe ornament.
If both we fall, (which hap the heauens forbid)
All that suruiue, are subiect to your will.
Your birth, your state, your vertues are not hid:
But knowne, and lou'd, and will be honored still.
no ear so deaf which hath not heard your name; (mire
Whose eares haue heard, their mindes your worth ad-
Whose minds admire, their harts loue doth enflame,
And winnes them subiect to your owne desire.
No perils threaten you, you need not feare.

Octa. But many you, and I their burthen beare.
Caes. Tis reason I, none els my griefes sustaine.
Octa. Where nature forceth, reason is but vaine.
And therefore *Caesar* heere I thee beseech,
By these same scepter-bearing hands of mine:
By these same teares, true witnes of my speech;
By that same princely port and grace of thine;
By all the loue thou beareſt to *Acciaes* ghoſt,
By all the rightes that louing mindes hold deare;
Lay armes aside dismisse this puisant hoast,
Let friendly truce release my minde of feare.
If not, ile drowne my life in these same teares,
And tyre with plaints the *Pandionian* birdes:
Tyre th' *Halciones*, with griefe that beares
To high a straine, for higheſt clyming words.
Ile make the sunne for pitty cloath his steedes
In sorrows liuery, and disdaine your sight:
Force niggard *Pluto* with my wosull deeds,
To entertaine my soules disgraced flight.
Else will I flie and shrowde my face from shame,
Where *Pyndus* hides his head amongst the starres:
Or where ambitious *Othris*, wanting flame
Of heauenly lamps, the cloudes swift motion barres.
Ought will I doe, before these eies behold
Death's visage painted in that princelie face:
Before ile see captiuitie, lay holde
On those faire lims, which merit higheſt grace.
Before ile see their bloudie weapons drinke,
The nectar of thy life, or luorie stain'd,

With vgly gore: O let me neuer thinke,
Or hope till then, to haue this life maintain'd.
Before that time, death is a welcõme gueſt
To my liues lodging: and O ſiſters deare,
If euer pitty dwelt in dyreſull breſt,
Draw not my threed till that newes peirce mine eare.
How oft when ſleep inuites my drowſie eye,
With natures curtaine to repell the light:
And hide my minde from ſorrows tyranny,
Vnder the darknes of the ſilent night?
Shal thy pale ghoſt defil'd with deaths foule hand,
Stand in my ſight, as in the cleereſt day:
And fury-like arm'd with blacke fiery brand,
Affright my minde and chaſe dead ſleep away?
Which being gone, fierce ſorrows cruell clawes,
Seaze on my waking thoughts like tygers fell:
And gripe my heart with ſharpe tormenting pawes,
That thouſand times deaths rygour doth excell.
Cæſ. O perfect vertue gracing woman kinde,
Inuincible *Octauia* ceaſe to plaine:
O had *Antonius* halfe ſo good a minde,
No diſcord could betwixt vs two remaine.
My Lords what thinke you, how may we proceed?
High honor cries reuenge vpon our foes:
And yet *Octauia* croſſing this our deed,
Cannot reſolue which of vs ſhe would looſe.
Agr. I thinke it is a braue and Princely thing,
With fire and ſword to ruinate our foes:
But greater glory is it for a King,

To

To saue his subiects from wars common woes.
Tis wisedome noble *Cæsar*, must aduance
Our state beyond the reach of fortunes arme:
Not fierce reuenge which workes effectes by chance,
And glories most when most it worketh harme.
And valour, such as doth contemne all feare,
And guild our actes with honor and renowne:
With gentle clemencie, our deeds endeare, (downe.
And mount with vertue where chance throwes vs
Mecæ. The rarest thing a Princes fame to raise,
Is to excell those that are excellent:
All other to surmount in vertues praise,
And be his kingdomes chiefest ornament.
Make quiet peace within his coastes remaine,
And succour those that liue in great distresse:
From bloudy slaughter euer to refraine,
With time, and wisedome, passions rage suppresse.
These are the wings directing vertues flight.
This is the fuell feeding honors flame.
This is the path that leades to heauen aright.
and sun-bright beames that guild braue *Cæsars* name.
Cæs. Pitty my Lords, is often like a maske,
That hides our eyes from seeing what is iust:
Inuiting any t'vndertake the taske,
To worke our woes and execute their lust.
For to neclect the course we haue begun,
Were to betray our selues vnto our foes:
Where keeping stronge though no exploite be done,
Yet gaining nothing, nothing shall we loose.

Why

Why you'are ill inform'd of *Antony*,
And his attempts exceed your knowledge farre:
I feare me when you know as much as I,
You'll pleade as fast to prosecute the warre.
But see a stranger hasts into our sight,
With further newes, and if I iudge a right.

Byl. Thrice noble *Cæsar*, hither am I sent,
Hauing in charge from great *Mark Antony*:
Th'ambassage of his pleasure to present,
Before *Octauia* and thy maiesty.
First he commaunds *Octauia* to depart,
Out of his house, and leaue all that is his:
The reason why, he list not to impart,
It must suffice that such his pleasure is.
He likewise will, thy highnesse knowledge take,
How much he scornes thou shouldst his wil withstãd
And thereof meanes with fire and sword to make,
A perfect demonstration out of hand.

Cæs. Will *Antony* our confines then inuade,
With Ciuill warres, contriuer of our woe?
Great reason preparation should be made,
For to withstand so puisant a foe.

Byl. Fiue hundreth saile of warlike ships he brings,
Wherewith the froathing Ocean he scoures:
And in his army are eight forraigne Kings,
Eight Kings in person with their mighty powers.
A hundred thousand well arm'd foote, are led
Vnder *Canidius* their chiefe generall:
Twelue thousand horse most strongly furnished,

All

All theſe are knowne, and knowne theſe are not all.
Caſ. How now my Lords, is this thinke you a time,
To talke of clemencie? or of delay?
Is not this miſchiefe in his chiefeſt prime,
Before we could the ſpeedie ſpring bewray?
What ſaith *Octauia* to theſe tidings ſtrange,
Are our coniectures vpon falſhood grounded?
Can this ſuffice your ſetled thoughts to change?
Are not our liues with miſchiefes Ocean bounded?
Octa. Had I ſo many tongues to paint my woes,
As euer ſilent night had ſhining eyes:
Yet could not all their eloquence diſcloſe,
The throwes of greefe which do my minde ſurprize.
But would to God, this world of miſery,
Mought preſently be trebled vnto me:
So that from imminent calamitie,
My deereſt brother *Caſar* mought be free.
For me, long ſince I wel diſcern'd the ſtorme,
And ſought by all meanes how I mought preuent it:
But ſith no wit can *Antony* reforme,
O 'tis not I, but he, that wil repent it.
I fear'd the ſtroke before I felt the wound,
But now reſolu'd the worſt of chance to bide:
True fortitude doth in my ſoule abound,
My honor ſcornes the height of fortunes pride.
The worſt that can befall me is but death:
And O how ſweete is his liues ſacrifize,
On vertues altar that expires his breath,
And in the armes of innocencie dyes.

They

They onely feare, and onely wretched are,
From whoſe bad liues ſtaind with impietie:
Their dying fame doth to the world declare,
Moſt ſhamefull ſtories of foule infamie.
But thoſe that know not, let them learne in me:
That vertuous minds can neuer wretched be.

Caſ. My Lords, I wil yee preſently proclaime
Marke *Antony*, a foe vnto our ſtate:
That all his ſoueraignties yee ſtraight reclaime,
And all his dignities annihillate.
We will not ſee the *Romaine* Empires ſhine,
By any ſeruile minde to be defamed:
To manage ſteele our nature dooth encline,
Of womens wanton toyes we are aſhamed.
And therefore with ſuch haſt, as may be-fit,
A matter that imports our deareſt bloud:
Weele meet *Antonius*, if the heauens permit,
And what we ſay, there will we make it good.
Adiew *Octauia*, and your ſelfe prepare
To rúnne what courſe of fortune I approue:
If happie ſtarres to vs alotted are,
Ile neuer be forgetfull of your loue.

Oct. Honour attend thy ſteps, and till I ſee,
The period of my worlds declining ſtate:
Ile neuer to my ſelfe a traytor bee,
But ſeeke the meanes to ſtay your mortall hate.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Earth-ruling heauenly powers,
Great Ioues immortall mates:
That from your Chryſtall bowers,
Dyrect all mortall ſtates,
And vs like Actors do diſpoſe:
To play what parts you liſt t'impoſe.
Muſt we, poore we, conſent
To call you euer iuſt?
Though you our harts torment,
Euen after your owne luſt?
And for each drop of hoped ioy:
Powre downe whole tempeſts of annoy.

And that which is much more,
Looke what we beſt do deeme:
Doth vex our mindes more ſore,
Then that wee leaſt eſteeme.
And that which nature ſaith is beſt:
By tryall yeelds vs ſmalleſt reſt.
Who dooth not wiſh, to weare
The terrour breeding crowne:
And direfull ſcepter beare,
As badge of high renoune?
Yet who more iuſtly do complaine:
That they the brunt of woes ſuſtaine.

Stand

Stand who ſo liſt for me,
In higheſt ſlipperie place:
Though great their glorie be,
Yet greater their diſgrace.
And who ſo ſubiect to miſchance:
As thoſe whom fortune doth aduance.
Theſe baſe earth-creeping mates,
Proud enuie neuer ſpyes:
When at the greateſt ſtates,
Hir poyſoned quiuer flyes.
Each tempeſt doth turmoyle the ſeas:
When little lakes haue quiet eaſe.

Not thoſe that are bedight,
With burniſht gliſtering gould,
Whoſe pompe doth ſteale our ſight,
With wonder to behoulde:
Taſt ſmalleſt ſweet without much gaule:
Nor finde true ioyes within their call.
This did the heauens impoſe,
Not that they are ℭniuſt:
But for to puniſh thoſe,
Who glory in their luſt.
And our miſdeeds procure ℭs ſtill:
To ſeeke our good amongſt much ill.

A monſter honour is,
Whoſe eyes are ℭertues flame:
His face contempt of this,

Which

Which we pale death do name.
His Lyon heart nought elſe dooth feare:
But crowing cock of ſhame to heare.
His wings are high deſires,
His feete of Iuſtice frame:
Food dangerous aſpires,
His ſeate immortall fame.
Onely the traine of Enuies plumes,
With others growthe it ſelfe conſumes.

Actus Quintus.

Iulia. Geminus. Camilla.

HAth *Geminus* beheld th'Ægyptian Queene,
The auctor of the troubled worlds diſtreſſe?
Haſt thou hir guifts and rare perfections ſeene,
That makes *Antonius* ſcences thus digreſſe?
Tell vs, is ſhe ſo admirable faire,
That Italy hath none which may come nigh hir?
Doth ſhe all beauties elſe ſo much impaire,
Or els indeed, dooth partiall fame be lye hir?
Haue thoſe hir eyes ſo rare an influence,
To houlde and captiuate mens ſences ſo,
That foyling wit, and reaſons beſt defence,
They rauiſhed, muſt needs themſelues forgoe?
Gem. I know not what may ſeem faire in your ſight,
Becauſe ſome like what others diſcommend:

But

But for my ſelfe, and if I iudge aright,
Speaking of *Cleopatra* as a frend.
The faireſt thing that in her may be ſeene:
Is, that ſhe is a Ladie and a Queene.
Madame, that ſun-burnt coaſt, yeelds not a face
Which with the *Romain* beauties may compare:
There mought be found a thouſand in this place;
Whoſe naturall perfections are more rare.
Iul. How paſſing ſtrange it ſeemes that *Antony*,
Should leaue the paragon of natures pride:
And follow hir whoſe ſhamefull luxurie,
Dooth make the world his folly to deride.
Whence ſhould it ſpring that ſuch a thing ſhould be?
Is this his folly, or the heauens decree?
Cam. His fault no doubt, & croſſeth natures lawes.
Iul. And I thinke not, for nature is the cauſe.
By nature we are moou'd, nay forſt to loue:
And being forſt, can we reſiſt the ſame?
The powerfull hand of heauen we wretches prooue:
Who ſtrike the ſtroke, and poore we, beare the blame.
Cam. Loue ſure, frō nature tooke his birth by right,
But loue of what? *Iul.* Of beautie loues delight.
Cam. And what is beautie? *Iul.* firſt ſay what is loue?
Cam. Loue's a deſire of what doth liking moue.
Iul. Deſire doth ſpring, frō what we wiſh, and want,
Dooth looſe himſelfe in winning of his faint:
Enioying dooth that humor quite ſupplant,
And therefore cannot this loues nature paint.
If loue were a deſire, as you do gueſſe,

Sith

Sith none desires that which he doth enioy,
We could not loue the thing we do possesse:
For why, enioying, would our loue destroy.
But this is false, and you haue iudg'd amisse.
Cam. Speak your the truth, whose iudgment better is.
Iul. I thinke this loue a deepe affection sure,
Wrought by th'instinct of natures hidden might,
Which in our hearts an vnion doth procure,
With that which perfect seemes vnto our sight.
Such is that loue which in vs doth arise,
When such a beautie we do chaunce to see:
As with our nature best doth simpathize,
Which nature, faultie is, and not poore we.
Cam. Wel, what is beauty? *Iu.* that which liketh best.
Cam. Which liketh whō? *Iul.* Some one abouey rest.
Cam. Why? some do like what others disalowe.
Some loue, what others hate: and few there are
In whom a like affection doth growe,
Of any one thing, though the same be rare.
Were beautie then such as you heere do name,
One thing should be, and not be beautifull,
One thing should be, and yet not be the same:
And that me thinkes were strange and wonderfull.
I rather thinke these outward beauties growe,
From iust proportion and right symmetrie:
Of these same guifts which nature doth bestow,
Vpon vs all in our natiuitie.
Iul. Indeed we see a mixture farrē more fine
In some, then others, wrought by natures frame:

To

To whom the praiſe of beautie we aſcribe,
Yet do not all alike affect the ſame.
Now, if this were the obiect of our loue,
We all ſhould like ſome one that were moſt faire:
Who ſhould alone moſt deepe affection mooue,
Whil's vulgar minds mought drown in deep deſpaire.
But as no woman eaſily can endure,
To be depriu'd of beauties louely praiſe:
So is there none ſo much deformed ſure,
That in ſome minds, affection doth not raiſe.
Ther's none ſo faire whoſe beautie all reſpect,
Although we were enforſt it ſhould be ſo:
Some nothing faire, whom we muſt needs affect,
Though reaſon, wit, and all the world ſay no.

Cam. And what ſhould be the cauſe of all this ſame?

Iul. I thinke becauſe we lodge in natures frame.
Look how the Loadſtone draws nought els but ſteele
Though mettals far more pretious are about it:
Yet this as his fit ſubiect ſeemes to feele
His power attractiue, and mooues not without it,
Or as in diuerſe inſtruments we ſee,
When any one doth ſtrike a tuned ſtring:
The reſt which with the ſame in concord be,
Will ſhew a motion to that ſenceleſſe thing;
VVhen all the other neither ſtirre nor playe,
Although perhaps more muſicall then they:
So are our minds, in ſpight of reaſons nay,
Strain'd with the bent of natures ſympathie:
VVhoſe powerfull force, no wit, no arte, can ſtay.

And

And if you aske a farther reason why:
In these two things, but shew the cause of both:
And then ile tell you why we loue, and loathe.
Now, if the power of nature be so strong
That euen senceleſſe things yeeld thereunto:
O why should we endure so great a wrong,
To beare the blame of that which others doe.
What liuing man can ceaſſe himselfe to be,
And yet as possible as to refraine,
From that whereto our nature dooth agree:
And spight of vs, doth vs thereto constraine.
Who can be angry with the senceleſſe steele,
For cleauing vnto this hard-harted thing?
Or blame that which can neither heare, nor feele,
For mooning to the other sounding string.
If these may be excusd by natures lawes:
O how much more should we be free from blame,
Within whose tender hearts affection drawes,
Such deepe caractars leading to the same.

Cam. Is beautie then, sole obiect of our loue?

Iul. That which seems so, doth our affection moue.

Cam. I euer thought that vertue had been best.

Iul. We praise that most, but yet esteeme it least.

Ca. Why disesteemd, whose worth is so wel knowne.

Iul. To shew that vice the world hath ouergrowne.

Ca. The name is often hard in each mans mouth.

Iul. The thing more rare then Eagles in the south.

Ca. The thing contemnd can we the name esteeme?

Iul. Yes all that are not such as all would seeme.

But sith this is the beautie of the minde,
And nothing fits our naturall discourse:
Let vs excuses for *Antonius* finde,
And to our former purpose haue recourse.
Cam. No *Iulia*, no, your harueſt is too long,
For such a simple croppe as you receiue:
You may not thus persist the truth to wrong,
And with your wit, the world seeke to deceiue.
But Lord how willing are we to inuent,
And finde out couerts to obscure our sinne:
As though to hide the same, and not repent,
Could vs preserue from being drownd therein.
Tis true, that nature did these buildings frame.
And true, that they to natures power are thrall.
And true, that imperfections foyle the same.
And true, that we by natures weakneſſe fall.
And this is true, that God vnnatured all,
And gaue vs wisdome to suppresse our will:
He gaue vs perfect reason to recall,
Affections scoutes from following what is ill.
Why we are men: and this same sparke diuine,
Our trouping thoughts should marshall in such wise,
That no affect from reason should decline,
Nor rebell passion in our hearts arise.
Th'instinct of nature, which doth all things moue,
Bids loue whereas you like without regarde:
But pietie saith, where tis lawfull loue,
Or els hell torments shall be your rewarde.

Octauia. Antonyes children.

And is it true, is *Antony* vnkinde?
Hath this new loue, of faith and troath bereft him?
Can fonde affection ſo obſcure his minde,
That not one ſparke of honor ſhould be left him?
Can he ſo far forget his owne good name,
As to diſhonor all that are about him?
Ah can he not without a further blame,
Permit them dye that cannot liue without him?
Come poore companions of my miſery,
The iſſue of the faithleſt man aliue:
Support the burthen of his trecherie,
Whoſe baſe reuoult, our ruine doth contriue.
Come poore beholders of your mothers fall,
Whoſe innocence mought greater pittie moue:
Your impious father doth deſpiſe vs all,
Forſaken we, muſt other fortunes proue.
Come poore attendants of a falling ſtate,
Whoſe ſilent ſadneſſe doth my greefe renue:
Yet be you all much more vnfortunate,
Ere any ſeedes of leawdneſſe reſt in you.
Come let vs goe, and leaue this loanly place,
Your fathers dying loue bequeaths you hence:
O flye this houſe, as from your owne diſgrace,
Tis his commaund you ſhould be baniſhtt hence,
Dead *Fuluia*, how can thy imperious ghoaſt
Endure to ſee thine *Orphants* thus oppreſſed?
Yet of mine honor though his loue be loſt,

Whiles I ſuruiue, they ſhall not be diſtreſſed.
O *Antony*, borne of no gentle Syre,
Some cruell *Caucaſus* did thee beget:
Euen ſcenceleſſe things thy ſcenceleſneſſe admire,
And ſeeme to feele, what thou ſeemſt to forget.
Oft haue I ſeene, theſe ſtones with pitty moued,
Sheed dropping teares, lamenting my diſgrace:
When in thy heart where moſt it moſt behoued,
No kinde remorſe could euer finde a place.
More milde then thee, I finde each cruell beaſt,
For they but giue a ſmale-time laſting death:
With endleſſe greefe, my ſoule thou doſt moleſt,
Which euer killing, neuer ſteps my breath.
O failing piller of my falling ſtate!
O fading flower of vertues faireſt field!
O why ſhouldſt thou ſo much degenerate,
And honors byrth-right to diſhonor yeeld.
Yeeld to diſhonour all that deare bought wealth,
Which earthly kings doth in heauens kingdom place:
Let thy mindes treaſure fall away by ſtealth,
By ſtealth contriue and worke thine owne diſgrace.
O *Erecina* that my Lord did know,
As thy fonde boye ſhootes ſhaftes of ſwift deſire:
So mightie *Ioue*, ſharpe thunder-boults doth throwe,
Confounding ſuch as from his lawes retyre.
He nurſt in ſinne, ſees not his owne diſgrace,
Augmenting ſtill, our ſorrow and his ſhame:
That greatneſſe hides the danger from his face,
But yet my care is doubled with the ſame.

The greedie Wolfe, and cruell rauening beare,
Toucht with th' extremitie of hungrie paine,
The guiltleſſe cattle furiouſly do teare:
And being fed, from crueltie reſraine.
But tyranizing greeſe prayes on the heart,
And cloyed with ſighes and teares doth ſtil perſeuer:
His raging furie nothing may diuert,
But ſtill, ſtill feed, is ſatiſfied neuer.
O happie he, a thouſand times and more,
Whoſe quiet thoughts ſo milde a calme do gaine:
That neither hope can force from ſafeties ſhore,
Nor deepe deſpaire can ſincke on miſchiefes maine,
But maieſtie, and honour, for theſe too,
Shalbe the onely obiects of mine eye:
What vertue ſaith is iuſt, that will I doe,
Thus I reſolue to liue, thus will I dye.

Geminus. Byllius. Octauia.

And are you ſure that *Antony* is ſlaine?
May we beleeue that this report is true?

Byl. Why ſhould you wiſh me to recount againe,
The ſtory that doth double greeſe renue?
O had you but diſcouered with your eyes,
The face of woe in all that preſent were:
Or heard their dolefull noyſe and ſhriking cryes,
You would haue cauſe to greeue and not to feare.

Oct. What tragick tidings bring theſe wofull wights,
That ring ſuch peales of horror in mine eares?
What vnknowne cauſe your martiall hearts affrights?

What ſilent greefe in your ſadde lookes appeares?

Byl. Did but our words import the ſound of woe,
To wound your eares withall were double ſinne:
But ſithe your highneſſe will it ſhould be ſo,
And that your ſafetie is contain'd therein;
We will not from your grace conceale the ſame;
And though we ſhould, yet time will open all.
From Ægipts common woes I lately came,
And did bewaile *Antonius* wilfull fall.

Oct. Is *Antony* ore throwne? *Byl.* Yes all is loſt.
His power and forces wholy are decayed:
He is deceiued by hir he loued moſt,
By *Cleopatra* ſhametully betrayed.
And ſhe that taught him firſt to ſwim in ſinne:
Was euen the firſt that drown'd his life therein.

Oct. Ah, by what meanes did ſhe my Lord abuſe?

Byl. By ſuch a meanes as leawd offenders vſe.
For when the warres at firſt pretended were,
And that *Antonius* with him would not take hir:
Shee fearing leaſt hir ſelfe not being there,
He haply mought be moued to forſake hir.
Shee ſees *Canidius* our cheefe Generall,
Him to perſwade, that ſhe mought preſent be:
He ſues, obtaines, and we embarked all,
Make ioyfull haſt our wofull end to ſee.
For whiles our powers of equall forces were,
And neither ſide could diſaduantage ſpye:
Like one that knew a ſecret cauſe of feare,
Out of the armie ſhe began to flye.

Loe

Loe, how no greatneſſe can our conſcience free,
From inward horror of our wicked deeds:
For that ſame better part of vs doth ſee,
A greater power whoſe Iuſtice terrour breeds.
But he, whoſe thoughts were to his lookes enchained,
Although the armie did no loſſe ſuſtaine,
As though for hir he had the world diſdayned:
Forſakes them all, and after flyes amaine.
Whoſe cauſeleſſe feare ſo much diſmaid the hoaſt,
Who ſcorn'd to fight for him which runne away:
That with ſmall hurt, the battle there was loſt,
And *Ceſar* had the honor of the day.
The Legions, thus depriued of a guide,
Themſelues to *Ceſars* clemencie ſubmit:
Antonius baſeneſſe they do all deride,
And thinke a chamber were for him more fit.
But Lyon-harted *Ceſar* ſtill proceeds,
His ſtrength is doubled, weakened is his foe:
Vnto *Peluſium* haſtely he ſpeedes,
Theſe fugitiues may not eſcape him ſo.
There lay *Antonius* nauie in the rode,
Who yeelded when *Auguſtus* fleet was ſeene:
And likewiſe ſhewed how *Antony* abode,
At *Alexandria* with this fearfull Queene,
Who ſeeing thus himſelfe depriued of ayde,
Cryes out that *Cleopatra* hath betrayed him:
She whether guiltie, or perhaps affraid,
That frō hir ſlaughter nothing could haue ſtaid him;
Flies from his ſight, and falſely ſends him word,

That ſhe(drownd in deſpaire) hir ſelfe had ſlaine;
Wherwith enrag'd, he takes a bloudie ſword,
And breathing out theſe ſpeeches all in vaine;
O *Cleopatra* princeſſe of my heart;
And art thou dead? lo dying I adore thee:
This more then death, doth now procure my ſmart,
That wanting courage, I went not before thee;
With that, yet warme death-couloured inſtrument,
In his faire breſt he did the gate ſet ope,
Which to the earth, his bloudleſſe limbs hath ſent:
His dying ſoule vp to the heauens I hope.
And is he dead? *Byl.* His better part yet liueth,
But to his corps a tombe ſweet quiet gineth
Octa. O poore *Prometheus*, now I feele thy paines,
Greeſes greedie vulture feedes vpon my heart:
Vpon my head a ſhower of miſchiefe raines,
And all the heauens conclude to worke my ſmart.
O my *Antonius*, O my Lord, my Lord:
O that *Octauia* had been ſlaine for thee;
O that the heauens would vnto me afford,
That this my bloud mought thy liues ranſome be.
Mine was the wound thou gaueſt that noble breſt,
That purple ſtreame extracted from my heart:
In my deepe paſſions is thy dearth expreſt,
Thou felſt the ſtroke, but I endure the ſmart,
And O that greefe did not thus ſtop my breath,
And all my words diſſolue in ſhowers of teares,
That I mought worthily lament thy death:
And *Catadupa*-like, dull all mens cares,

Vnhappy world, the pilgrimage of paine,
The ſtage where miſchiefe actes a dyreful part:
What haſt thou had, what doſt thou now containe,
Which but a thought of pleaſures mought impart.
Not one care-wanting houre my life hath taſted:
But from the very inſtant of my birth,
Vnceſſant woes my tyred heart haue waſted,
And my poore thoughts are ignorant of mirth.
Looke how one waue, another ſtill purſueth,
When ſome great tempeſt holds their troups in chaſe:
Or as one houre an others loſſe reneweth;
Or poſting day ſupplyes anothers place;
So do the billows of affliction beate me,
And hand in hand the ſtormes of miſchiefe goe;
Succeſſiue cares with vtter ruine threate me;
Griefe is enchain'd with griefe, and woe with woe.
Yet muſt I beare it with a patient minde:
For why the heauens haue this to me aſſign'd.

Chorus.

INexorable fates,
That on both high and low,
Your equall rigour ſhew:
Correcting all eſtates,
And ſtately mindes ſuppreſsing.
Your fauour none may winne,

No

No cloake or faults can hide:
But needs we muſt abide,
The puniſhment of ſinne,
And hope for no releaſing.
No greatnes may withſtand,
No words can pitty moone:
But we muſt all approoue,
The vigour of your hand:
Great Ioues *decrees expreſsing.*

Great Ioues *decrees, which ſome,*
Fate, fortune, chance, doe name:
Are not indeed the ſame,
But heauens eternall doome,
Our witleſſe ſteps directing.
Their ſpeech exceedes our skill,
Their words pierce not our eares:
But in our life appeares,
The legent of their will:
Our errours miſſe correcting.
Then let the greateſt know,
Dole on their ruine feedes:
Whiles they obſcure vile deedes,
Vnder a glorious ſhew;
The vulgar ſort infecting.

Octauia *ſtill diſtreſt,*
Doth not to vs declare,
How they moſt wretched are,

Who are with griefe oppreſt:
But ſhewes what heauen requireth.
How through affliction great,
Great troubles and annoy:
We finde the doubtfull way,
That leades to Vertues ſeate:
Which wiſedomes ſelfe deſireth.
In faireſt chriſtall ſtone,
Let men her tropheys ſhew:
That all the world may know,
Heere liueth ſuch a one,
As Vertues height aſſpireth.

Sharpe griefe and ſweet delight,
Are Gyants to approoue:
If ought may Vs remoue,
And turne Vs from the right,
Thence double errour ſpringeth.
The weakeſt wrought his fall,
While that Octauia *true:*
The other did ſubdue,
And purchaſt therewithall:
That fame her honor ſingeth.
A monument moſt rare,
Of pure Arabian *gold,*
The higheſt worth Vnfold,
Let arte for her prepare:
Who time in tryumph bringeth.

Time

Time ſhall endeare thy name,
With honors breath make ſweet:
The garland is moſt meete,
For ſuch as winne the ſame;
Thy Vertue beſt deſerued.
Whiles any ſparke of worth,
Doth lodge in womans breſt:
Thy praiſe among the reſt,
Be euermore hencefoorth,
In nobleſt minder preſerued.
Of Diamonds moſt pure,
A tombe let Angels frame:
And there engraue her name,
For euermore t'endure,
T'eternity reſerued.

L'aqua non temo de l'eterno oblio.

FINIS.

To the honorable, vertuous, and excellent: Mistresse *Mary Thinne.*

Orthy of all the titles of honor, ỳ nature, vertue, wisedome and worth, may bestow on their worthyest, & most favoured possessors: hauing lately extracted the memory of *Octauia* out of the ashes of obliuion: my thoughts continuing (perhaps longer then was fitte) the current of that streame, haue made some idle houres conuert themselues into the missiue Epistles betweene the vertuous *Octauia* and the licentious *Antony*, wherein although my slender skill, hath no way bin answerable to the height of your noble conceipt, that the sight of them mought breed you the least content: yet since they are done (presuming vpon your accustomed Clemency) I humbly submit them to your fauourable censure. If you therefore who are the mother

ther,or (vnder your correction, to say better,the murtherer) if concealing may bee called a murther,)of such excellent, & vertuous knowledges and perfections,as are able to regiſter a vulgar minde in the famous roules of neuer-ending eternity, will alow the meane and humble conceiptes of others: your honor ſhalbe aduanced to the higheſt pitch of their poſſibility. If you will eſteeme the ſmall portion of iudgement in other men, the excellency whereof you will not acknowledge in your ſelfe: theyr induſtry ſhall neuer ceaſe, to wing your fame,till it haue towred beyond the reach of death, and obliuion. Accept therefore I beſeech you the memorials of this vertuous Empreſſe: that your worthines may indeare theſe worthleſſe lynes; theſe lynes record her memory, her memory aduance your glory; your glory purchaſe all wiſhed felicitie, and your high felicities, euer encreaſe till time giue place vnto eternity.

Humbly yours,

S. B.

The Argument.

OCtauia *ſeeing the long ſtay of her husband* Marke Antony *with* Cleopatra *the* Ægiptian *queene: And finding by often tryall, that nothing mought preuaile to recall his obſtinate minde from her vnlawfull loue: Intended a voyage to viſite him her ſelfe in perſon. But in in the way ſhe receiued letters from him, requiring her not to approach or come neere him, but to make her ſtay at* Athens *(where ſhe was at that time) for that he meant without longer delay there to come vnto her. She expecting his promiſe (as at all other times) in vaine: and finding her ſelfe fruſtrate of all hope to attaine her deſire: writeth vnto him (as it may be ſuppoſed) to this effect.*

Octauia to Antonius.

NOw when these lines (mine owne deare Lord)
Shall first approach thy sight,
(These lines which sorrow, feare and loue
Compel'd my hand to write)
First but behold the writers name,
Which doth thine eyes awaite,
(Her name as full of constant truth,
As thou of false deceipt)
And see if any memory,
Of her doe yet remaine,
If not, reiect it from thine eyes,
To read it were but vaine.
From thence (if shame will thee permit)
Proceed vnto the rest:
It is not much to view my deed,
Tough thou doe me detest.
When true relation (woe is me
That I must call it true)
Of thy most odious faithlesnesse,
First came vnto my view:
Euen as a man with sodaine stroke,
Of thunders mighty force,
Which for a time both life and sceence,
From body doth diuorce,
Bereft of motion, stands amaz'd
With terror of the blow;
And though aliue, yet cannot tell

Where

Where he doe liue or no:
So ſtood I ſenceleſly appal'd,
With horror of the thing,
Which now alaſſe, too well I finde,
Doth my deſtruction bring.
How faine I would not haue beleeu'd,
That thou ſhouldſt faithleſſe be:
How faine I would haue made my ſelfe,
A lyar falſe for thee.
But thou art gone, fled and forſworne,
And naught may thee recall:
Thou liueſt ſecure and tak'ſt no care,
What may poore me befall.
O deep diſſembling faithleſſe man,
That doſt me thus beguile:
S'daine not of her thou louedſt once,
To heare the truth a while.
Was it for this thou ſhedſt thoſe teares,
O Crocodile vnkinde,
When laſtly thou didſt part from me,
With ſhew of conſtant minde?
Did not thoſe ſhowring eyes aſſure
A neuer-changing loue?
Did not that periur'd lying tongue,
Their euidence approoue?
Did not thoſe foulded armes, embrace
This body now deſpis'd?
And that diſſembling heart relent,
With too much loue ſurpriz'd?
O deare *Octauia* (didſt thou ſay)

Though we muſt parted bē:
But for a time, yet that ſmall time
Seemes thouſand yeere to me.
When I from thee ſhalbe remou'd,
From all ioyes I ſhall part:
Yet fartheſt when I am remou'd,
With thee ſhall reſt my heart.
Then ſweet take thou no care for me,
But ſighes and teares neglect:
And ſhortly if the heauen permit,
My ſafe returne expect.
Heere would I haue replyed faine,
When griefe me tongue did ſtay:
And al my words diſolu'd to teares,
Whiles thou didſt part away.
Shall I expect him that entends,
To ſee me neuer, then?
O deep deceipt! ô fraude! ô guile!
O vaine diſſembling men!
What honor, worth, or honeſty,
In him what pitty were,
That being mine without remorſe,
Could theſe abuſes heare?
But thou thy ſelfe, my Lord, to be
The agent of my paine:
O how can words but make thee know,
The griefe that I ſuſtaine?
The golden pyllers of thy youth,
Did promiſe vnto me:
The building of enſuing age,

Should

Should better furniſht be.
How mought I but conceiue, what cauſe
Mought thee hereto compell:
Vnleſſe my ſelfe haue been the ſame,
In louing thee too well.
What beauty, pleaſure, wealth or wit,
So rare doth *Nilus* breed?
But *Tyber* may therewith compare,
If not the ſame exceed.
Some fond affection hath bewitcht,
Thy Princely minde I feare:
O that I could my doubtful thoughts,
From ſuch ſuſpition cleare.
What is there no more power, or force,
In vertues ſacred ſhield:
But noble mindes muſt baſely fall,
And to affection yeeld?
Or was this ſweet eare-pleaſing word,
But placed on thy tongue?
And neuer planted in thy heart,
Still nurſt with poiſon ſtronge.
No ſuch inordinate affectes,
In vertuous mindes haue place:
True noble hearts can not indure,
So mighty a diſgrace.
He is no prince that ſubiect is,
And ſubiect vnto ſinne:
But ſlaue-borne witches, they are call'd,
Which do delight therein.
Vaine, fooliſh, blinde, vnpure,

Diſhoneſt, idle mindes,
Vnlawfull loue, to vile deſires,
With fonde affection bindes.
This is the hand, which doth the raynes
Of modeſty vndoe:
And nothing is ſo baſe or vile,
Which it perſwades not to.
The mortall foe of reaſons good,
Th'inuenter of deceipt:
The plague infecter of the minde,
The deadly poyſoned bayte.
The furious-tempeſt-breathing breath,
To euery quiet minde:
The map of miſchiefe, where the world
Naught els but greefe can finde.
The noble *Scipio*, whom the world
So highly doth adore:
Could not be conquered by this foe,
And honored was therefore.
Tis greater ſhame, to him that ſhould
Correct anothers miſſe:
To merite well deſerued blame,
Then to him that ſubiect is.
Tis greater glory to defend,
Or ſelues from errours great:
Then by ſupplanting other men,
To gaine a Princely ſeate.
Then ſuffer not thy ſelfe aliue,
To be entomb'd in ſhame:
Remember how thy former deeds,

Deſerue

Deſerue immortall fame:
Procure not to thy golden day
Of life, an euening darke.
Within the hauen of repoſe.
Drowne not thy conquering barke.
Though this licentious life of thine,
Sweet pleaſures ſeeme to bring:
A bitter ſweet thou ſhalt it finde,
Which flowes from ſuch a ſpring.
But Ægyptes fertle ſoile, perhaps
Thy greedy thoughts doth holde:
Allured with th'aboundant ſtore,
Of minde-bewitching gold.
If vertue, honor and renowne,
Be of a ſmaller prize:
Then miſers foode which thou eſteem'ſt,
Thou maiſt vs well deſpiſe,
But if more worth remaine in them,
Then thou couldſt euer ſee:
Then *Antony* thou art not him,
I tooke thee for to be.
O baſeſt minde that euer liued,
And bare ſo braue a name:
To fly the ſiluer ſtreames of worth,
And baſe in filthy ſhame.
O that thou couldſt ſo leaue thy ſelfe
A while that thou mought'ſt finde:
How hatefully the world doth ſcorne,
The baſenes of thy minde.
How faine I would not now beleeue,

That thou ſo obiect art:
To ſell thy ſelfe for ſtore of earth,
Which can no worth impart.
The baſeſt thought that any minde,
Vpon the earth may haue:
Is ſeruilly to make it ſelfe,
To any thing a ſlaue.
And by how much the thing more vile,
Which doth our liking moouе:
By ſo much more, more obiect he,
Which therewith is in loue.
Then baſe earth-creeping minde adue,
Since this is thy delight:
I blame thee not though thou do bluſh,
At noble honors ſight.
Had *Iulius Ceſar* loued gold,
More then a noble name:
He neuer had been royalliz'd,
By ſuch immortall fame.
The *Macedonian* monarke, whom
Æternity ſhall praiſe:
Diſdain'd that any golden ſteps,
His glorious name ſhould raiſe.
But *Mydas* purchaſt endleſſe ſhame,
By being as thou art:
And *Creſſus* for his ſtore of gold,
Had ſtore of bitter ſmart.
The gods for this doe plague vs men,
We men each other hate:
From hence, as from a fountaine, ſpring,

Strife, murthers, and debate.
O ſcenceleſſe minde of fooliſh man,
Which ſees not what it hath:
But wanting in exceſſiue ſtore,
Continues errours path.
Thou ſhalt not need ſuch ſtore of wealth,
Thy waftage for to pay:
When thy offending ſoule to hell,
Olde *Charon* ſhall conuay.
O ſeeke thy wealth in vertues mines,
If thou true ioyes wilt finde:
All other things vnconſtant are,
And lighter then the winde.
But wanton luſt procures thy fall,
And workes my world of woe:
An enemy of honeſt mindes,
Rare vertues common foe.
What plague infernall worſe then this,
Whoſe poyſoned baite doth gaine:
Both to the body and the ſoule,
An euerlaſting paine.
What multitudes of ſoules are loſt?
What Cities ouerthrowne?
What Kingdomes by licentious luſt,
With ruine ouergrowne?
Let deep lamenting *Greece*, declare
Th'effect of hatefull luſt:
Or that which once was called *Troy*,
Now nothing els but duſt.
And had not women had the wit,

The danger to repell:
The *Sabines* ſwords had made vs feele,
The ſmart thereof too well.
O let the bleeding memories,
Of many in like caſe,
Be dreadfull motiues to thy minde,
To leaue this wicked race.
How canſt thou cenſure others miſſe,
And yet not ſee thine owne:
Can wiſedome ioy at others ioyes,
And ſee it ſelfe ore'throwne?
O ſince the cauſe of this effect,
Is ſo exceeding ill:
The horrour of the thing it ſelfe,
With terrour mought thee fill.
Who ſoeuer with the like offence,
His body hath defil'd:
Of vertues deareſt ornaments,
His ſoule was firſt deſpoil'd.
Of honor, worth, and fortitude,
He loſt the ſacred name:
And like a coward did ſubiect
Himſelfe to ſinne and ſhame.
He daies, and nights, hath wholly ſpent
In dronkennes and play:
By folly, and by negligence,
Hath wrought his whole decay.
Or els theſe couſin-germaine ſinnes,
He haply did connect:
Baſe ſlouthfulnes, and luxury,

Which worke the ſame effect.
O fly inordinate delights,
Each pleaſure hath his paine:
And he that ſtained is with ſinne,
Cannot be cleane againe.
Let *Deniz* torne vntombed corps,
Sufficiently declare,
How this ſame loathſome vice doth make
Hir beſt attendants fare.
Doſt thou not know, the ſages teach,
A man ſhould neuer doe:
The thing that wicked is and vile,
Nor yet conſent thereto?
Though warely he did foreſee,
It mought eſcape the light:
And be moſt ſecretly conceald,
And hid from all mens ſight?
How far thou art (which ſhouldſt excell)
From being excellent:
Do but behold and view thy ſelfe,
By this their preſident.
Who publikly haſt ſould thy ſelfe
Vnto eternall ſhame:
And like a ſcenceleſſe blinded man,
Perſeuer'ſt in the ſame.
Or haue ſome other pleaſures ſtrange,
Eſtrang'd thy minde from me?
For (as men ſay) in that ſame court,
Great ſtore of pleaſures be,
We want not heere our true delights.

But if we had leſſe ſtore,
Of wanton ſports: thou oughteſt not
To ſhame thy ſelfe therefore.
Our pleaſures heere, may ſatiſfie
And pleaſe each vertuous minde:
And he no ſparke of vertue hath,
Which other ſeekes to finde.
Alluring pleaſure, ſtaine of life,
Sower miſchiefs ſweeteſt roote:
By it, all noble thoughts and deeds,
Are troden vnder foote,
A minde corrupting monſter vile,
A mal-ſeducing gueſt,
Nurſe of repentance, paine, and greefe,
Depriuer of ſweete reſt;
Prince-haunting fiend, ſweete poyſoned bayte,
Falſe theefe of happy bliſſe;
Who ſeemes a guide to hoped ioyes,
But leades vs ſtill amiſſe.
Do but recount with wiſdoms eyes,
Thoſe pleaſures which are paſt,
And ſee what pleaſure, profit, gaine,
They yeeld thee now at laſt.
So when thy ill ſpent granted time,
His courſe hath fully runne:
Then ſhalt thou finde thy pleaſures fled,
Hopes vaine, thy ſelfe vndone.
Learne to take pleaſure in ſuch things,
Whence true ioyes may ariſe:
Thou canſt not do more like a prince,

Then

Then vaine things to deſpiſe.
Bring not thy ſelfe, thy houſe, thy queene,
Vnto eternall ſhame:
In being much more then thy ſelfe,
And farre leſſe then thy name.
Let no delight, make thee forget,
What beſt befits thy ſtate:
He is no Prince, which his affects
Cannot predominate.
VVho for his pleaſure poyſon drinkes,
Though mixt with things moſt ſweete:
Should haue a name by my conſent,
For ſuch a man more meete.
Or dooſt thou heere diſlike perhaps,
That *Delia* beares ſuch ſwaye:
And ſacred vertues holy rights,
Haue made thee flye away.
Is chaſtitie ſo loathſome then
Vnto a wanton eare:
That beautie is no beautie, where
Such chaſte deſires appeare?
Can looſeneſſe, which the wiſe diſpraiſe,
So pleaſe a noble minde:
That true nobility contemn'nd,
Sole pleaſures there they finde?
Then muſt I needs diſpleaſe indeed,
And know not what to ſay:
For why the ſwine do moſt delight,
The moſt defiled pray.
The ſiluer fiſh, by nature doe

The pureſt ſtreames delight:
The ſtately Faulcon, midſt the cloudes,
Directs hir towring flight.
The Eagles ſeldom ſit in dales,
But pearch on higheſt hils;
And euery thing delights his like,
And natures courſe fulfils.
But thou leſſe conſtant then all theſe,
Though farre more baſe then they:
Inſteed of Chriſtall ſtreames, doſt loue
In puddles vile to play.
Thou borne by nature to aduance
Thy thoughts to honors height;
Doſt careleſly ſtoope vnto ſhame,
And fall with thine owne waight.
Then neuer thinke, I thinke it ſtrange
That thou art fled from mee:
The heauens forbid my loweſt thoughts,
Should ſimpathize with thee.
But heerein thou art wiſe indeed,
To hide thy ſelfe away:
And ſuch as neuer haue thee knowne
By falſhood to betray.
For why, aſſure thy ſelfe, all thoſe
That do thy baſeneſſe know:
Thy faithleſneſſe, and periurie,
Do much deteſt thee now.
The heauens will ſharply puniſh ſinne,
And flye where ſo thou can:
Thongh for a time they do deferre,

They'l

They'l plague the periurde man.
Then view thy ſelfe in glaſſe of truthe,
And be not thus abuſd:
No honor euer crownd the man,
That honeſty refuſd'.
The nobler is the birth and place,
From whence thine honor came:
The more notorious is thy fault,
If thou debaſe the ſame.
No, tis hir wit hath thee bewitcht,
Hir ſweet delighting tongue:
Which doth enchant thy wondring mind,
And makes thee ſtay this long.
This wit, indeed, were ſomething worth,
Were wiſdome ioyn'd thereto:
Yet not ſo much, that it ſhould ſerue
So many to vndoe.
The earth hath not a thing ſo rare,
Which wiſdome would not flye:
Yea rather hate and much deteſt,
Then purchaſe ſhame thereby.
Who can ſo loue a ſporting wit,
That it procure his fall:
His kindneſſe may be iudged great,
But ſure his wit is ſmall.
Then let vs loue baſe *Catiline*,
For wit and noble bloud:
No, loathe him rather, for his wit
Knew neuer what was good.
And let vs *Varro* likewiſe praiſe,

For he was witty ſure:
But wicked too, and therefore *Rome*
Could not his wit endure.
The more a man excels in wit,
And ill imployes the ſame:
The more do all men him deteſt,
That loue a vertuous name.
Though ſweetly did the *Syrens* ſing,
Yet who to them gaue eare?
Their meſſage to th'*Ionian* deepes,
He preſently did beare.
Or is it beauty, that doth ſet
Thy heart ſo much on fier:
And captiuate thy ſences ſo,
That thou canſt not retire?
The rareſt beauty of the face,
Cannot enforce the wiſe:
With paine to purchaſe liuing ſhame,
And better things deſpiſe.
Nor are the fayreſt alwayes found,
The beſt, (as I ſuppoſe)
Some noyſome flowers, do ſeeme as faire,
As doth the fragrant Roſe.
That wonder-breeding beauty ſure,
Which thou doſt ſo eſteeme:
Shall come to nothing at the laſt,
As firſt it was I deeme.
The Roſe and Lyllie cannot long
Content and pleaſe, the ſight:
No goulden day could euer ſcape,

The darke enſuing night.
Proude time will burie beauties youth,
In furrowes of decaye:
Wert thou ten thouſand times a prince,
Thou canſt not force it ſtay.
All theſe fond pleaſures (if fond things
Deſerue ſo good a name)
Should not ſeduce a noble minde,
To ſtaine it ſelfe with ſhame.
The time ſhall come, when all theſe ſame,
Which ſeeme ſo riche with ioy:
Like tyrants ſhall torment thy minde,
And vex thee with annoy.
When all thoſe honye-tongued mates,
Can but weepe and lament:
That they by force, muſt part from thee,
Whoſe vitall courſe is ſpent.
When all thy greatneſſe muſt be left,
To ſuch as ſhall ſucceed:
When ſweeteſt pleaſures memory,
Moſt dreadfull thoughts ſhall breede;
When this ſo much deſired Sunne,
Shall but diſpleaſe thy ſight;
And all things elſe ſhall ſeeme to want,
The taſte of ſweete delight.
When all the creatures of the earth,
Cannot procure thine eaſe:
And friends, with ſhowres of vaine-ſhed teares,
Cannot thy greeſe appeaſe.
When tyranizing paine, ſhall ſtop

The paſſage of thy breath:
And thee compell to ſweare thy ſelfe,
True ſeruant vnto death.
Then ſhall one vertuous deed impart
More pleaſure to thy minde:
Then all the treaſures that on earth,
Ambitious thoughts can finde.
The well-ſpent time of one ſhort day,
One hower, one moment then:
Shall be more ſweet, then all the ioyes
Amongſt vs mortall men.
Then ſhalt thou finde but one refuge,
Which comfort can retaine:
A guiltleſſe conſcience pure and cleare,
From touch of ſinfull ſtaine.
Then ſhall thine inward eyes, behoulde
The loathſome path of ſinne:
And thy proud heart repine in vaine,
That thou haſt walkt therein.
Then ſhall *Octauiaes* wrongs appeare,
Like monſters to thine eyes:
And thou ſhalt curſe the time, and day,
That thou didſt me deſpiſe.
Then ſhall my ſighes, and teares, enflame
A bonefire in thy minde:
And thou thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe ſhalt loathe,
For being thus vnkinde.
At thy right hand, my wronged ghoaſt,
Shall iuſt complaints renue:
And on thy left, that queene ſhall ſhew

What

What hath been wrought by you.
Aboue thy head, thine eyes shall see
The heauens to iustice bent:
Below thy feete, the pit of hell,
Ordain'd for punishment.
Ah poore *Antonius* how wilt thou,
Abhorre thy wretched state:
And most entirely then repent,
But then t'will be too late.
But thou great Emperour dost disdaine
Such sharpe rebukes to finde:
For pietie, and pittie both,
Are strangers to thy minde.
Thy braue heroick thoughts do scorne
To stoope to these conceipts:
To humble for such high reuolues,
As honors praise awaights.
Then great *Hercullian*, worthy prince,
What Trophyes may we raise,
To equall these thy great designes
And manifest thy praise?
Who may inough augment thy fame,
To answere thy desert:
Who doost attempt with periury,
To breake a womans heart:
A glory great, a conquest fit,
For such as faithlesse be:
For in thy deeds, the world may view,
The worthe that is in thee.
More then a man thou wouldst be thought,

And shouldst indeed be so:
But let thy deeds more manly bee,
Or els that name forgoe.
That man which seemes a man in shew,
And is not such a one:
Deserues another name by right,
For he by right is none.
O do not thinke a womans death,
Can much endeare thy name:
But thinke how this vnmanly deed,
Will worke thine endlesse shame.
What man, that were a man indeed,
(Much lesse a Prince) would see,
His wife, and Queene, a spectacle,
Of greefe and miserie?
Would to the pittie of the world,
And to all wondring eyes,
My constant louing minde reiect:
And guiltlesse me despise.
Would such vncessant streames of teares,
Draw from these restlesse springs;
And loade my heart with endlesse greefe,
Which vtter ruine brings.
But hide thy head and all is well,
Thy faults cannot be spied.
No, thou must know the heauens are just,
And must their sentence bide.
When all those powers which thou hast wronged,
Shall punishment require:
How canst thou wretch be halfe inough,

To satisfie their ire?
How canst thou euer hope to pay
The forfait of thy misse,
VVhen powerfull Iustice shall impose,
The iust reuenge of this.
VVhich makes me pittie more thy state,
Then greeue at mine owne wrong:
To thinke how he whom I haue lou'd,
Shall plagued be ere long.
Yet know, though I detest thy fault,
I beare thee no ill will:
For if *Antonius* will returne,
He shall be loued still.

To which shee receiued this answere following.

Antonius to Octauia.

AMongst the monstrous stormes of woe,
Which do my soule surprize:
Thy direfull plaints *Octauia*, were
Presented to mine eyes.
O heauens! how crosly haue you set,
Your still repugnant starres,
Which crosly, crosse my tyred life,
With mortall ciuill warres.
I see, and know, that to be true,
Which thou dost heere obiect:
I see thou rightly call'st that wrong,
Which I may not correct.

Antony.

I finde my ſelfe engulft in greefe,
Entrapt in miſchiefes power:
Yet cannot I auoide the ſtorme,
Though it my life deuoure.
Of force my heart muſt condiſcend,
To what thou doſt require:
Yet cannot I performe the thing,
Which is thy chiefe deſire.
I know the ſafe, and perfect way,
Which reaſon ſaith is beſt:
Yet willingly I follow that,
Which wiſdom liketh leaſt.
What reaſon will, that ſame would I,
And wiſdom would ſo too:
But ſome thing greater then vs all,
Will not conſent thereto.
That time, that day, thoſe lookes, thoſe words,
Are yet freſh in my minde:
When my departure, mutuall greefe,
Vnto vs both aſſign'd.
Thoſe teares, I yet remember well,
Whiles I did thee imbrace:
Thoſe ſetled ſilent ſpeaking lookes,
Plac'd in each others face.
My words which true loue did endite,
And faith confirme the ſame:
(For conſtant truth did at that time,
Secure my thoughts from blame.)
My heart was free from thought of change,
My minde from falſe entent:

I scornd a false dissembling worde,
And nought but truthe I meant.
But since mine eyes enricht their sight,
With *Cleopatraes* face:
My thoughts another obiect found,
My heart another place.
Which obiect so allur'd my minde,
With rauishing delight:
That wanting hir, I thought each day,
An endlesse tedious night.
My very thoughts fram'd all my wordes,
To *Cleopatraes* name:
Yea, when most great affaires withdrew,
My fancie from the same:
Mine eyes were blinde, mine eares were deafe,
My minde did scenceless proue:
But when they saw, heard, or perceiu'd,
Hir face, hir name, hir loue:
No pleasures could my fancie please,
No mirth it selfe endeare:
Wherein th'Idea of hir face,
Did not to me appeare.
What reasons left I vnapprou'd,
What counsailes force? to breake
The sweete captiuing band of loue,
But all I found too weake.
He is deceiued, that thinks to finde,
A countermine in loue:
And woe is me, that speaking this,
I speake but what I proue.

Thus I my ſelfe the agent made,
And traytor of my bliſſe:
Can neuer hope to contradict,
Or to encounter this.
But though my yeelding heart as then,
Thy true loue did detaine:
That deed of mine, a greater power,
By force reuokes againe.
And thoſe truth-telling ſages teach,
That euery motion ſmall:
Is by a greater ouercome,
Or hindred therewithall.
O then, though reaſon, reaſon be,
Yet muſt it condiſcend:
And yeeld to that, againſt whoſe force
It cannot vs defend.
And neuer more ſhuply blame,
As actor of this ill:
Tis not *Antonius*, but the heauens,
Which do withſtand thy will.
And what the heauens do force vs to,
We may not diſobay:
When their decrees are once enrould,
O who may then ſay nay?
Theſe mouing ſtars which we behould,
Our mindes do rule and guide;
And looke what courſe they ſet vs in,
Therein muſt we abide.
This ſparke of reaſon is not ours,
But lent vs from aboue.

The Gods do giue and take the ſame,
They make vs loathe and loue.
Then deare, why ſhouldſt thou ſo vpbraid
And ſharply reprehend
Thy *Antony*: for ſuch a fault
As he may not amend.
If in my heart I did thee hate,
Then were I worthy blame:
But I haue euer lou'd thee well,
Who well deſeruedſt the ſame.
And though I cannot thee afford,
The deareſt of my heart:
Yet needſt thou not thus to complaine,
Who haſt ſo large a part.
No day, no night, their poſting courſe,
So ſpeedily could frame:
But they beheld, my thoughts, returne
Due homage to thy name.
When bloudy terror, danger, death,
Vpon me did lay houlde:
Thy memory reuiu'd my minde,
And made my courage bolde.
No not a thouſand fierce aſſaults,
And perils many moe:
Could euer force my louing heart,
Octauia to forgoe.
But tyrant loue, me from my ſelfe,
And from my Queene doth ſteale:
And pardon me though I perhaps,
Too great a fault reueale.

And pardon needs, I must obtaine,
If this so much offend:
For heere my loue did first begin,
And heere my life must end.
Heere will I shew, I neither am
Vnconstant, nor vnkinde:
For *Cleopatra* whiles I liue,
Shall me most constant finde.
Why am I call'd an Emperour,
If I should subiect be:
And be compeld to leaue the thing,
VVhich most delighteth me?
No deare *Octauia*, thy request
Can neuer be fulfild:
Let Gods be Gods, and Kings be Kings,
For none but cowards yeeld.
VVere she as *Baucis*, when she lodg'd
Hir vnknowne greatest guest:
VVere she a Lyon, Lybert, VVolfe,
Or some worse sauadge beast;
VVere she a furie, or what else,
VVhose presence glads my heart,
And to my rauisht captiue soule,
Such sweetnesse doth impart;
I would exceede *Ioues* simple guises,
And giue the machine round,
And all the treasures, wealth, and store,
Which therein may be found.
I would from parents, children, friends,
My dearest thoughts remoue.

Surrender ſcepter, kingdome, crowne,
For to enioy my loue.
And by my bounty, truth and zeale,
The erring world ſhould ſee:
No baſe, or ſeruile, ſcorned thought,
Had euer place in me,
I would diſdaine a monark ſhould,
But equall my deſire:
My conſtant faith ſhould farre exceed,
The height of all aſpire,
They do but blow the coales of hate,
Which my deſignes improue:
If euer fault may pardon get,
O pardon faulty loue.
I grant, I were a monſter vile,
Vnworthy of my life:
If I ſhould hate, or thee diſdaine,
Who waſt my ſpouſe and wife.
But *Cleopatraes* deareſt loue,
In me doth beare ſuch ſway:
That I enuy or mallice none,
So I may her enioy.
And ſay not, tis a ſhamefull thing
To loue a ſtranger ſo:
For loue I muſt, and loue I will,
Though all the world ſay no.
The gods I hope wil not be moou'd,
Such ſharp reuenge to take:
On thoſe which erre, but in ſuch faults,
As they themſelues did make.

Were it dishonor to be kinde,
To those we best esteeme:
Great *Ioue* himselfe could not be free,
From such disgrace(I deeme).
That monster quelling *Hercules*,
Should haue been called base:
When his victorious conquering arme,
Did *Omphale* imbrace.
No,I disdaine,the braueſt minde
That drawes this vitall breath,
Should thinke me base, who haue contemn'd,
The very face of death.
Tis rather base,to be compel'd
To that we fancy least:
O why am I a Prince,if not
To doe as likes me best?
Suppose within my setled minde,
There could be such a thought:
That to consent to thy request,
I haply mought be brought.
Would not the Princesse of my soule,
My *Cleopatra*,pay
The largest tribute of her life,
Her *Antony* to stay?
Are not her words,her sighes,her teares,
Most precious to my heart?
Doth not her face,her tongue,her wit,
My soules delight impart?
How then can I (vnhappy man)
My selfe so well dispose:

As mought content and please you both,
Who both your selues oppose.
No *Hercules* can this performe,
No *Sphynx* this doubt excludes:
Yet thus I fully am resolu'd,
And thus I doe conclude,
The knot which cannot be vndone,
In sunder thus I strike:
Heere will I liue, heere will I bide,
And loue you both alike.
Let *Cæsar* fight, *Octauia* frowne,
Let children waile and weep:
Thus I resolue, and thus I vow,
Which vow ile firmely keep.
And if your mallice, and perhaps
My fortune, doe procure:
That all my words and deeds, the worst
Construction must endure:
My constant truth and minde resolu'd,
That worst must needs abide:
For why from this well grounded loue,
My heart shall neuer slide.
Thou all things truely seest indeed,
But neuer spyest the wound:
By which my sweet affecting thoughts,
Their endlesse thraldome found.
By which my prayer-scorning heart,
Is brought to condiscend:
To which that this my chiefe desire,
Mought not too much offend.

Aske,

Aske, take, assume all that you list,
Performe your hearts desire:
So that you neither her from me,
Nor me from her require.
While I my *Cleopatra* may,
Betweene these armes enfold:
I enuy not great *Cresus* wealth,
Nor *Midas* store of gold.
But if vneuitable fate,
Her presence should deny:
Though all the world were mine besides,
With penury I dye.
Nor let it seeme so passing strange,
That I cannot be moued:
By thy entreaty to forgoe,
The thing so much beloued.
Through thine owne heart, do but behold
And see how small auaile:
Perswations, reasons, words, and wit,
Affections force to quaile.
If none of those can take effect,
To winne thy loue from me:
Why shouldst thou think that frome this Queene,
I can diuorced be?
Sith wisedome then can neuer shew,
It selfe more wisely sure:
Then to forgoe that thing with ease,
Which paine cannot procure.
Ah striue not thus against the streame,
But dry thy teares againe;

For

For to perſwade me bootelesse is,
To force me is more vaine.
Though al the world ſhould me withſtand
I will not be withheld,
A Prince diſlikes to be gaine-ſaid,
But ſcornes to be compel'd.
And it may be (for who can tel,
What abſcence may procure)
That faire *Octauia* neuer could,
So long time chaſte endure.
Ah, can I thinke in ſuch exceſſe,
Of liberty and ſtore,
Of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and what els,
May be deſired more.
Amongſt ſo many tedious daies,
And nights, of great diſport;
Amongſt ſuch braue heroicke Lords,
As to that Court reſort;
That thy vnmoued minde, can be
So tyed to *Veſtaes* rightes,
But that ſometimes it will conſent,
To *Venus* ſweet delights?
Can that faire face, which in all hearts
Doth high affection moue:
Reſiſt ſo many ſtrong attempts,
As will aſſault thy loue?
No, no, they are not alwaies true,
Which doe moſt truely ſpeake:
If it were ſo, how then am I,
More then a woman weake?

And

And yet my conſcience doth diſcent,
And plainely this deny:
And yet ſuſpition doth maintaine,
It cannot be a lye.
O how can he be euer brought,
To thinke another true:
Who through the guilt of his owne minde,
The others life doth view?
And ſhould I then returne to *Roome*,
Mine honor thus to foile?
No, rather let me finde a tombe,
In any forraigne ſoyle.
And ſince thou knoweſt (O too too well)
Antonius high diſgrace:
He muſt prouide of all the world,
Not to beholde thy face.
Thy face the lecture of his miſſe,
The mirrour of his ſhame:
The euer wounding rod, and ſpur
Of my eclipſed fame.
The diſproportion of our thoughts,
Could neuer well agree:
Thou ſtill ſhouldſt hate my faithleſneſſe,
I bluſh thy truth to ſee.
A fault doth neuer with remorſe,
Our mindes ſo deeply moue:
As when anothers guiltleſſe life,
Our errour doth reproue.
But be it, that from all thoſe doubtes,
I could my minde ſet free:

Yet whiles ambitious *Cæsar* liues,
I may not come to thee.
Let all the world perſwations vſe,
And their beſt counſell giue:
For me, I neuer will be drawne,
In dangers mouth to liue.
I cannot brooke, another ſhould,
Be mightier then I:
An equall in th'imperiall ſeate,
My heart doth much enuy.
And who ſo ſimple, that will looke
For faith or truth in thoſe:
Whoſe faithleſnes may hap to gaine,
Whoſe truth a crowne muſt looſe.
There is no truth in ſuch, whoſe hearts,
An Empire doe affect:
Competitors may talke of truth,
But doe all truth neclect.
And be it, that we could agree
Which hath been ſeldome knowne:
Yet ſtill in time, from priuate grudge,
Such quarrels great haue growne.
Such bloudy deeds, ſuch ſtrife, debate,
Such outrage, murther, death:
That words, and oathes and al, haue prou'd
But vaine diſſembling breath.
No nature, reaſon, counſell, wit,
Ambition can conſtraine,
To hold vnuiolable truth:
Or conſcience to detaine.

Pale

Pale feare, miſtruſt, vnlook'd for chance,
And fortunes dyreful frownes:
Moſt deep ſuſpect, and ſwift reuenge,
Attendant are on crownes.
Not that I dread or ſtand in feare,
What *Cæſar* can procure,
But that this abſence better mought,
My ſafety aſſecure.
And it may hap (for none can tel)
In time what may be wrought:
Since vnexpected chaunce, my loue
To *Cleopatra* brought.
So happy time, ſo good an hower,
For thee may hap to fall.
Which may my loue and fancy, backe
From her againe recall.
In hope whereof, *Octauia* muſt
Her ſighes and teares ſuppreſſe:
Vntill *Antonius* finde the meanes,
Theſe errours to redreſſe.

FINIS.

Errata.

Act. 2. pag. 3. line 8. for higheſt read highnes.
Act. 2. pag. 22. line 8. for frowardnes read forwardnes.
Act. 5. pag. 4. line 1. for aſcribe read aſſigne.
Epiſt. 1. pag. 1. line 16. for Tough read Though.

THE EPILOGVE.

OVr Play is done, now what your cenſures are,
If with, or againſt Arts induſtrie, the care
Tooke by the Author (and our paines to pleaſe)
We know not yet, 'till judgement give us eaſe.
Why ſhould we doubt? this Theater do's appeare
The Muſicke Rome of concord; you being here.
Let no barſh jarring ſound of diſcord then,
Echo aliſe; claps crowne the Tragicke Pen.

FINIS.